



# CHIMES OF THE WEST



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By

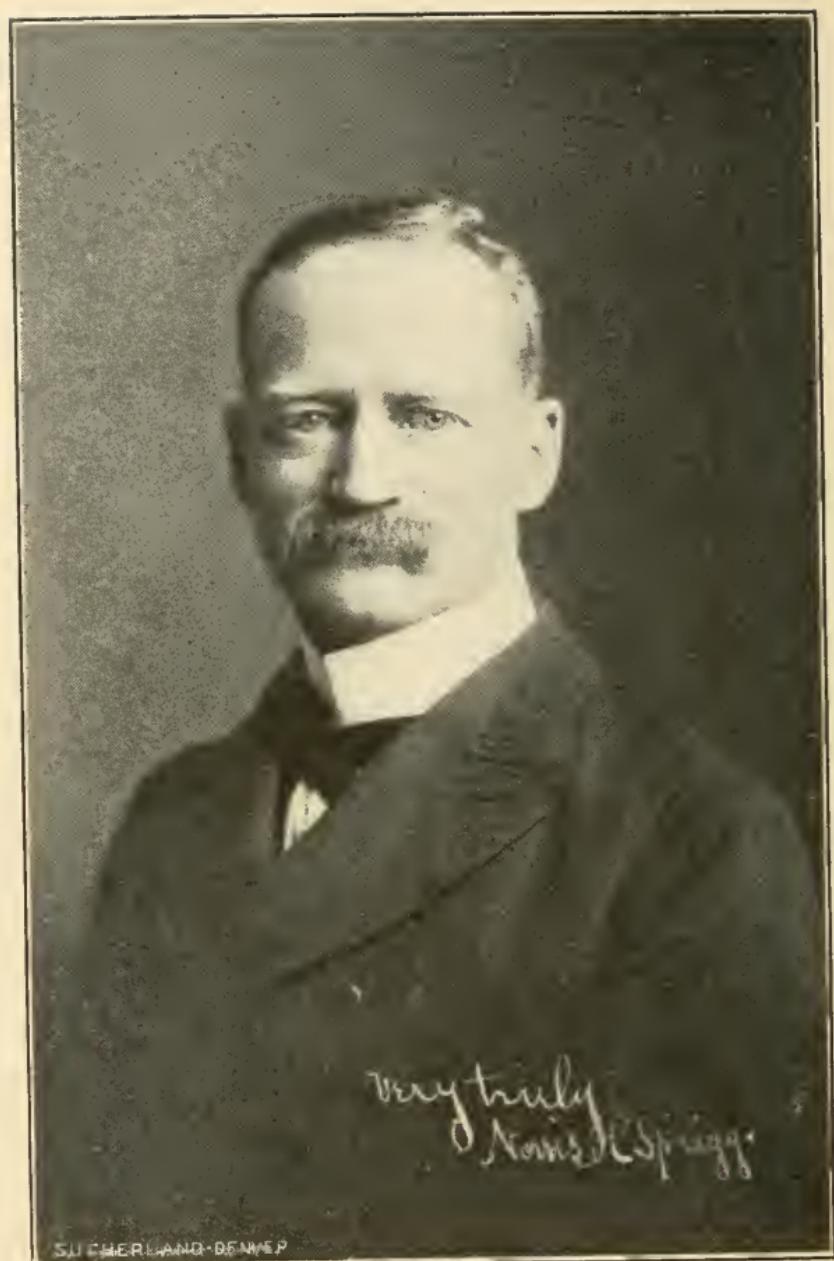
NORRIS C. SPRIGG.



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very truly  
N. J. Springer

SULLIVAN & BENNETT

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*CHIMES  
OF THE WEST*

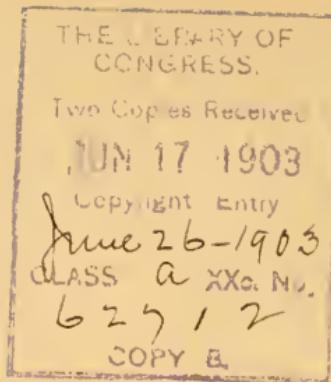
*BY*

*NORRIS C. SPRIGG*



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DENVER

*IRENE*

“Take courage, prisoner of time, for there be  
many comforts;  
Cease thy labor in the pit, and bask awhile with  
truant in the sun.  
Be cheerful man of care, for great is the multi-  
tude of chances;  
Burst thy fetters of anxiety, and walk among the  
citizens of ease.  
Wherfore dost thou doubt? If present good is  
round thee,  
Leave awhile the hot and dusty road, to loiter in  
the greenwood of Reflection.  
Come unto my cool, dim grotto that is watered  
by the rivulet of mirth.  
And over whose time-stained rocks climb the  
fairy flowers of content;  
Here upon this mossy bank of leisure fling thy  
load of cares;  
Taste my simple store, and rest one soothing hour.  
Prophets and priests and kings have tuned the  
harp I faintly touch.

Man receiveth as a cup, but wisdom is the river.  
Facts and comparisons, and meditative atoms,  
gathered on the heap of combination,  
Mingle in the fashion of my speech with gossamer  
dreams of Reverie.

Struggle—Thou art better for the strife, and the  
very energy shall hearten thee.  
And remember thou that laborest, thy leisure is  
not loss if it help to expose and undermine  
that solid falsehood, the Material."

“Impassioned verse can never be  
The product of the mind alone,  
A quickened soul must touch  
And tone the sentiment at liberty  
And give sensation imagery  
Before it is afflatus blown  
Into the realms of purity.  
The pyramids of silent thought  
By reason reared and logic wrought  
Invite the genius of the mind  
But those emotions which control  
The energies of heart and soul  
Engage all three of these combined.”

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*CHIMES OF THE WEST*



### *THE MUSES.*

Sometimes, when a dainty poem  
Comes flitting across your mind,  
And you would fain express it  
When the phrase you fail to find.

The muses tell thee what to say  
In their musical glad refrain  
As on some glad May-day  
There is sunshine after rain.

O heaven-sent are the muses,  
To the children of the brain,  
Most blest who most inhabit  
Realms where the muses reign.

*ON THE SIDE.*

No I would not be deprived  
Of the happiness I have  
Every day.

It's a whole world of my own,  
Tho' it can't be set to tune  
All I say.

Writing lines forever more  
That were never writ before  
That is me.

While I do not say it all,  
Many hints are let to fall  
You will see.

Here there between the lines,  
As they come to me betimes  
Right away.

Some should be left out I know,  
It's the best that I can do  
Lack a day.

Who can guide a parachute,  
Push a pencil, who can toot  
In a horn?

Too, I think it wrong to write,  
When you're in the gloom of night  
All forlorn.

Some, I take it, try to write,  
When too sober or too tight.  
Give them room.

Then it is that what they say  
Often gives them dead away—  
Seals their doom.

*SYNOPSIS OF THE YEAR.*

## SPRING.

Birds and flowers everywhere,  
Buds and butterflies,  
Diamond dewdrops, verdure fair,  
Domed bright blue skies.  
Crystal springs and babbling brooks  
'Mongst the beckoning trees;  
As if smiling, daisy looks,  
Kissed by April breeze.

## SUMMER.

Sunshine seeking every nook,  
Penetrates the shadows;  
Ripened fruits and hollyhock,  
Waving fields and meadows;  
Clover-blossoms for the bees,  
And the drowsy kine;  
'Sweetly silent glens and leas  
In sultry summer time.

## AUTUMN.

Now the harvest season's over,  
Comes the Autumn feast,  
Never-failing, bountiful,  
Blessing man and beast.  
Industry amply rewarded  
By the "All-Wise" unseen hand,  
Faithfully the yield is guarded  
And the fertile land.

## WINTER.

Ha-ha! She sleepeth! Steal a kiss.  
Hurrah for beds and appetites  
They too are elements of bliss,  
The best of all by rights.  
All terra firma cased in snow,  
Frost on the window-pane,  
"Pronounced it good" and justly so.  
Hurrah! The round begins again!

## NATURE.

*Nothing is great but the inexhaustible wealth of Nature. She shows us only surfaces, but is million fathoms deep. Were we to traverse the whole realm of Nature, nowhere would we find a more beautiful manifestation of God than we find in man, in soul and in mind and body.—Emerson.*

Nature in the mountains,  
Up among the pines;  
Nature in the valleys,  
Vieing with the vines;  
Nature in the tree tops,  
Tossing glad and free;  
Nature in the song birds,  
Voicing o'er with glee.

Nature in the prairies,  
Spreading here and there;  
Nature in the carpets  
Of verdure sweet and fair;

Nature in the raindrops  
And the sparkling dew;  
Nature in the crystal springs  
Reflecting heaven's blue.

Nature in the brooklet  
Babbling merrily;  
Nature in the zephyrs  
Sweeping sweet and free;  
Nature in the sunbeams,  
Kissing all the flowers;  
Nature in the blossoms,  
Welcoming the showers.

Nature in the honey-bees  
And the butterflies;  
In the happy children's  
Bright and beaming eyes;  
Nature in the hidden nook  
Tripped by elfin feet;  
Nature—What a wonder-book,  
Nature all complete!

Nature vastly varied,  
Rarer and more rare;  
Earth and ether, frost and fire,  
And the limpid air.

Nature, where art thou not,  
Where thou art, no knowing!  
In every form and element  
Nature goes on, going.

### *MAIDS OF HONOR.*

To the fair maids of honor  
So gentle yet so severe,  
Hailing from every county.  
Regal in sterling character,  
Thou art, indeed, well chosen.  
Justice welling in each soul,  
Centered in thee, is beauty and truth,  
Best citizenship the goal.  
Significant of our dear state,  
Uphold and dignify her laws.  
Embodiment of highest worth,  
Ultimate of first Great Cause.  
Pride of our splendid institutions  
And of our homes respectively.  
Right royal is thy mission,  
Thrice welcome unto thee.

And now the Festal's over,  
God's blessings on each one.  
Long may you live and prosper  
And do not forget the fun.

*A MOUNTAIN STREAM.*

Rushing, plunging, tearing lunging;  
Nothing else so quick.

Lashing, crashing, plashing, dashing;  
Till the rocks are slick.

Leaping, heaping, swifter sweeping  
Into silvery spray;  
Gliding, sliding, constant tiding  
O'er my boulder way.

Cold and soft, just from aloft,  
Deep perpetual snow;  
Swish, swish, with my melody,  
Singing as I go.

Surging, bounding, hills resounding;  
Ah there, stand aside;  
Do not impede my furious speed,  
The trout are taking a ride.

Now I'm smoother, calmer, clearer,  
Into actual quiet;

And now again at intervals  
Simply running riot.

Who hath not seen me little knows  
The capers I can cut;  
The schedule time on which I run  
Nor in the same old rut.

A mirror to the wildest herd,  
Refreshing to the rarest bird;  
None say me nay as by the spring  
So joyfully I'm caroling.

*THE SAN JUAN.*

Sweet the pink and purple foliage,  
Sweet the dawn in the San Juan !  
As the golden sun begins to tinge  
The crest of many mountains,  
That, like a wall, all around,  
Encircle the San Juan.

The blue dome of heaven sitting over,  
Like a cup, entrancing and delighting,  
As you look out and up, from the San Juan !

Spreading carpets, waving grasses,  
Like one vast and open page !  
Red and buff and purple tinge !  
Willows with a yellow fringe !  
Now is autumn on, in beautiful San Juan !

Rio Blanca, Rio Grande Rivers, bowed to  
By the silvery sage and cedars ;  
Spanned with mighty iron ribbons ;  
Steaming locomotives laden  
Speeding on and on ! in the great San Juan !

Through the fields of waving flowers,  
And the herds of sheep and cattle,  
Wild and native, unmolested;  
Fat and sleek and frolicsome;  
In the wonderful San Juan.

Homes and schools in thrifty towns,  
Farms and orchards there abound,  
Proclaiming superiority for San Juan!  
At once a poem and a song—  
Rhymes to music, all along;  
Alamosa, Antonito, Monte Vista, Del Norte,  
Habited by senora and senorita;  
In splendid and superb San Juan.

Ouray, Durango, Silverton;  
Indians, Whites, and Mexicans,  
Spanish, French and Texans,  
Who gave these romantic names?  
So interesting to hear in yon San Juan!

Solfinero, Espanola, La Jara, Conejos and Ignacio,  
Montezuma, Alta Vista, San Luis, Sangre de  
‘Cristo,  
Are all in the San Juan!

Chica, Blanca, Zapota, Huerfano,  
Manzanola, Cachetopa, Cotapaxi,  
Buelah, Grabiola, Mesa Verde, Archeluta,  
Riomancas, Riodelaspinas, Eureka, Vallicito,  
Ophir, Bocici, Rico, Uncompahgre,  
Pandora, Montelores, Quirica and Untoso,  
Rosita, Iris, Las Animas, Waunita,  
Vulcan and Aberdeen; La Junta, Fredonia,  
Hecla, Siloam, Romana and Shawana.

*TO A COUNTRY ROAD.*

Sweet and winding country road  
Could'st thou but speak or sing;  
Tell all the story of past days,  
Give voice to all life's mysteries.

Of all the joyous, all the sad—  
Of my impressions when a lad—  
From mirthful youth to middle age  
Each day a dark or sunny page.

What goes to make the average life,  
Or phantoms, visions, worry, strife,  
Of aspirations, day by day—  
O, winding road, if you could say.

Could you but tell the story o'er  
From early youth till life hath fled,  
Of all the joyous, all the sad—  
I fain thou knowest, very well—  
And have a fancy—thou couldst tell.

Another might a lesson learn  
That likest thou, life takes a turn  
From disappointments, mysteries.  
Sweet, winding road, of all thy days,  
Of all thy windings, all thy ways  
Recall in silent speech or song  
I long to know, I long—I long—

“There is no end to the sky  
And the stars are everywhere  
And time is eternity  
And the here is over there;  
For the common need of the common day  
Are ringing bells of the far away.”

*TO A LANDSCAPE GREETING.*

Read down the lines, O wondrous scene  
Beginning wth the clouds;  
In this stillness—Nature's poetry,  
Who dare to read aloud?

Enraptured as the scroll unfolds  
In eloquence sublime—  
Thy tranquil spirit pervades all  
Thy whispering is divine.

O heart of Nature, to the soul of man  
What more appeals to thee—  
Insistent is thy sweet command  
Aspire to utmost purity.

*RETROSPECT.*

"I love thee, Nature, with thy fresh winds blowing,  
When melting ice half checks thy streamlets flowing,  
When buds are opening and the young grass growing.

When spring is here.

I love thee with thy fair hills crowned with flowers;  
When time is sleeping through the fragrant hours,  
'Neath drooping boughs of shaded slumbrous bowers,

In summer time.

I love thee better when the leaves are turning,  
The orchards bending and the maples burning  
When sheaves are garnered and when man is learning

Thy beauty free.

I love thee best when feathery flakes are flying  
The earth's hard lines in white concealment lying  
Thus hide the year's mistakes, for he is dying,  
'Neath maiden snows.'

*NAMELESS.*

Ere the foot of man had touched the heather ;  
Ere the sons of man had lisp'd in childhood ;  
Ere a single heart had throb'd to love them,  
Bloomed the flowers—all nameless.

Bloomed and faded where no eye beheld them  
Ere a single heart had throbbed to love them,  
So some life may live and fade and perish,  
Living with no loving heart to cherish.

Hark ; I hear a brooklet ringing—ringing  
Through an unknown woodland, singing—singing ;  
Rippling on its way by vale and mountain,  
Where no tongue may taste its cooling fountain ;  
Rippling, till the wint'ry frosts have hushed it ;  
Sealed and thralled it in an ice-bound casket.  
Rippling till the North wind—down its  
Pathway dying—fall the leaves—all Nameless.

*ONE DEED.*

Can'st thou catch a fleeting zephyr,  
Bind the fragrance of a rose,  
Trace the dew drop in its bosom  
Whence it came or whither goes.

Can'st thou follow up the streamlet,  
Hurrying on its pebbly way,  
Or one ray of golden sunlight,  
Through the Universe of day.

Can'st thou know the grand fruition  
Of a single generous deed?  
Nay! 'tis infinite in vastness,  
God alone the extent can read.

*NATURE'S BROTHERHOOD.*

The ways of men may grow apart,  
But they never can lose each other.  
Envy may strike with poison tooth,  
But man unto man, must be brother.

Some common sev'rance, grand and deep  
Brings the lesson on soon or later  
One pulse-throb wide as oceans-tide,  
One love, one law, One Creator.

'Till stricken by some blinding grief,  
We weep apart—until, even the Sea  
In vapor gathers all mans tears;  
To return in clouds of charity.

*TO WALL STREET CAMP.*

Beautiful Wall Street Camp, in thy rustic beauty.

Just where the canons and the waters meet;  
Where the rugged mountains of rocks and crags  
ascending,

Are kissing each other at thy very feet;  
On the banks of Four Mile with its rushing waters  
Dashed into myriad spray almost as white as  
snow,  
Ever hastening onward with perpetual message,  
Telling to sea and river what we may never  
know.

Sugar Loaf Peak in majesty is towering  
Like a mighty sentinel upward to the right,  
Sends the purest breezes as a lasting greeting  
And guards securely through the darksome  
night;

Springs of crystal waters by the winding roadside  
Mountain peaks innumerable pointing to the sky,  
Bushes clothed in blossoms and the waving  
grasses,  
Each excels the other, pleasing to the eye;

Flowers of rarest beauty and the stately pine trees,  
Many are the song birds lending their good  
cheer,

See on every feature works of the great artist,  
Feel and know and realize that God is ever near:  
Many happy children with bright and gladsome  
faces,

Voices blending with the birds ring out on the  
air.

Nature's sweetest music and her rarest beauty,  
Is the joyful presence of the children fair.

Beautiful Wall Street Camp, be thou a great  
blessing,

Forth from thy rich store, yield thy wealth of  
gold,

Much of precious treasure heaving in thy bosom,  
Thou wilt yet be famous, the half has not been  
told.

### *MAXIMUS.*

Some people are perfect (only in some ways),  
Some have many faults, so the Bible says,  
As long ago as in Shakespeare's time,  
There was more of badness than would rhyme,  
There was one Venus that long ago,  
And now there are many, each Adonis must know.

*SUGAR LOAF.*

How thankful and delighted  
That on a certain day,  
I landed here in Sugar Loaf,  
Such a lovely place to stay.  
Right against the heart of nature,  
Up among the mountain peaks,  
Where the eloquence of beauty  
Is the language that she speaks.  
All about the stately pine trees  
Soughing, singing, tossing free,  
Courtesying to each other  
With the utmost dignity.  
And the crystal brooklet purling,  
Plashing, pulsing with the pine  
Seems to say, "I'm pleased to see you,  
And the day is very fine."  
There the golden sunshine pouring  
Into every nook a trace,  
Picturesqueness and perfectness  
On each feature every place,  
So suggesting and revealing  
That the Good God for a throne

Could not more opportunely  
Find a place upon the zone.  
I am thankful and delighted  
That with bee and butterfly,  
The song-birds and the flowers,  
Here to revel and to vie  
For the privilege and the pleasure  
Hearing nature's sweetest song.  
For the freedom and the solace  
Of this joyous happy throng;  
The squirrels and the chipmunks,  
The burros and the kine,  
On the sunny sloping hillsides,  
Thankful for this sort of time.

*AFFIANCED.*

“Who gains her heart will win a precious prize  
And fortunate be in every lover’s eyes,”  
Blooms there a rose, more bright or fair  
Than she to me, O fairest flower?  
A pure white rose, complete, full blown  
Than all more pure ‘till for my own  
A wealth of roses bright and fair  
And now I have this wealth to wear.

*EXPERIENCE ON DEPOSIT.*

Am one of that sort of fellows, you know,  
As lives within my means, and pay as I go,  
Most keeps me on the ragged edge of despair  
To make and pay, for what I eat and wear.

Have learned some things, and know them well,  
Which go to help make one fairly successful,  
Namely, how to pound sand, and blow hot soup,  
Go in when it rains, and to tell straight up.

I can guess which way the water will run,  
What the weather will be, when it is come.  
How to take the hint 'thout bein' knocked down,  
Know the biggest dead beat in the whole town.

Know fellows so mean they won't answer letters,  
Who answer the fewer, the more they are debtors;  
Know others who are just as nice as pie,  
Who don't have the right look in the eye.

'Nuff experience on deposit, thus and so;  
This is a partial list of what you must know  
To keep the wolf from the door, collectors too,  
How to do unto others, or they'll do you.

*DECLINE OF PROFESSION.*

Lawyer in large city left on his last pins,  
Never man more witty, cases he gets he wins;  
Here's just where the rub comes in,  
For his profession is overdone.

Physician full of the finest points  
Prepares prescriptions for out of joints;  
Starvation knocking at his door,  
For of physicians there are many more,  
And here is where the rub comes in,  
The profession's badly overdone.

College professor of texture fine,  
Toned enough for the foremost line,  
Turned down by district school remote,  
Skulking round in a threadbare coat,  
Here's where the rub comes in,  
The profession is vastly overdone.

Brace up, my friend, I here extend  
To you the utmost sympathy;  
Don't jump over the bluff, for  
You still have enough (grit)  
To win in some other way.

*STRAW MEN.*

Had dealings with a dozen men a day  
The half of whom would blow away  
If as light on the scales as scaly,  
Who never made a promise keep ;  
Thoroughly seared yet lose no sleep,  
Sadly there are many such as these  
As men "not in it" but to beat, and freeze.  
One's confidence in human kind  
The more you're around the more you find  
Men made of straw, who evade the law  
In so far as they may, each year to a day  
And do it systematically.  
Thrive like "the big fish" in the water,  
Preying on those they hadn't ought to  
Deceive and mislead by whatever means.  
Didn't know this? You "don't know beans  
When the bag is wide open," may cost you dear  
To find it out, unless you steer clear.

## AND SO.

My "horny-handed sons of toil"  
Be on your guard, don't let them spoil

Your prospects for the future life  
Or "cut your heart out with a knife;"  
For some there are already say  
Corruption and dishonesty,  
Faithlessness and treachery,  
Claim a large majority of the  
Human family; mark a period of decay  
Of all common decency,  
Won't have it any other way.  
Say honesty has had its day,  
That the whole train will go astray.  
If this be so, then lackaday;  
If as light on the scales, as scaley  
Then all the rest would blow away.

### *APROPOS.*

Of all the store the choicest flower  
Yet cannot vie with thee.  
Submits in humble silence there  
Upon thy breast to be  
Excelled in beauty, and in form,  
In sweetness, grace and modesty.

How fairest flower can think and speak,  
Impress, inspire in silence meek  
More eloquent than orator  
The language of the morning star.

## SOLD HIMSELF TEN TIMES.

Once from an old time custom,  
Under form of the law of trade,  
Having purchased ten tons of hay,  
The empty wagon was weighed;  
So much gross and *net and tare*  
Is the rule all over, everywhere,  
And unless a great conniver,  
The "*tare*" includes the driver.  
Now the wife, being up in books  
Remarked, "I don't like his looks,"  
It would cause no one any hurt  
Better watch, he might do you dirt."  
In ten full loads he hauled the hay,  
Always stayed on each load to weigh,  
It "was five a ton and want the pay,"  
When I replied, "You'll have to stay,  
It is plain to see you belong to me,  
I have bought you time and again,  
And always go in a game to win.  
'Tis a pity you didn't bring more;  
You weigh but a hundred and thirty  
And have played me a trick so dirty

Since you make no contradiction,  
And truth is greater than fiction ;  
It's whatever I fail to see,  
That a little bird tells me.”

“*When courage fails, and faith burns low,  
And men are timid grown,  
Hold fast thy loyalty, and know  
That Truth still liveth on.*”

### *ELOPEMENT.*

Have you ever been in love?  
Let lovers elope and live.  
“Old Man” refuses to give or take—  
The lovers will take or give.

Tho’ they fly to realms unknown,  
The old man don’t know beans  
If he fails to see the point—  
The end justifies the means.

For go they where they may,  
Love, cherish and protect  
Is the theory obtains today—  
In love it is cause and effect.

*DIVORCE.*

The most binding chain  
Has of links only two—  
The lad and the lassie  
Together. The laddy is me,  
And the lassie is you.  
Securely we're welded  
Together like glue,  
By the bonds of affection  
With love for each other  
Past all benediction.  
Pure love links, well welded,  
Know no separation  
Nor cankering fetters,  
While together entwined.  
But alas! in this chain  
'Tis no new revelation  
That oftentimes in breaking  
These links harshly bind.

*EXCHANGE OF GLEANINGS.*

I love the flowers, indeed I do;  
To the spirit and the letter.  
But seeing others love them too—  
Is something I love better.

The sweets of earth in solitude  
Are sweet; but none the less,  
Shared with another's sympathy  
Serve even more to bless.

I love all that are good and true  
And love to have them love me too.  
Life's chiefest blessing—doing good  
There is no sweeter livelihood.

*WISHING ON A RING.*

A very, very happy life  
Worthy friend, none of strife  
Lots of sunshine to the end  
Is the greeting I would send.

*MAY—MAZEPPA.*

It is thy wistful beaming eyes  
That speak the language of the skies,  
That bind more tightly than earthly ties—  
Me unto thee; Express surprise?  
When I confess to a surmise  
Insistent love would fain disguise  
While Cupid coddles for a prize.

The lofty peaks waft purest breeze;  
The birds are happier in the trees;  
All terra firma seems to take  
New life; thy presence in the wake.

Some sentiment, supremely sweet;  
As sweetest music; so complete,  
That chimes with robin and the lark,  
The golden sunset and the park.

O'er landscape spreading like the sea  
To border dome and canopy;  
The evening star impresses me  
As fair, but no more fair than thee.

Thine eyes suggest so much, or more,  
Than all of other earthly store;  
E'en the whole world, and else beside.  
I would forever here abide

Lost in the charm of mystic curve  
Of roguish glance but wilful swerve  
Of hand withdrawn, more eloquent—  
Insists there is no slight consent.

Ah, cruel fate! ah! heart of steel!  
To crush my ardor and my zeal  
While Cupid pranks the tendrils start  
You make me victim of the smart  
Of "One should never wear one's heart  
Upon one's sleeve"—dost thou perceive?

### *THEE AND ME.*

When a voice from the silence shall call to me,  
Aye in tones that lull me to dreamless sleep,  
When the passions of life which were all to me  
Have sunk to the depths of the voiceless deep;  
When the pain of the passion I bore for thee  
Shall throb no more and my heart grows cold,  
When I wait in the shadows no more for thee,  
When I wait no more as in days of old,  
When we shall have met on the other shore,  
Will the "old time" affection revive once more?

*A ROMANCE.*

With sonorous notes of every tone  
Mixed in confusion sweet the forest rings.  
My lady and her lover  
As a day in June did wane  
Were taking a long, long walk  
In a long and lonely lane.  
'Twas a lovely day in June,  
The birds were all atune,  
To every thing that they would say  
The birds would trill a roundelay.  
While walking was not their station  
So very pleasant the conversation  
They had not thought to feel fatigue,  
Away from home almost a league,  
Promptly on their returning  
Mamma did enquire: "My daughter dear,  
You've walked so far, truly didn't  
You tire?" Answering: "Yes I did,  
Till Beau ideal tied my shoe;  
Then I was rested; now mamma,  
Wouldn't you?" "O, nonsense child,  
You're surely tired, if not

Why then, think you'd better go again."  
Oft' they did and longer tarried;  
(A little later, they were married.)  
Thus mothers help to make the match;  
Girls are elected to sew and patch.  
Thus ended single life forlorn  
Another home to a Nation born.  
Sisters and brothers sing together,  
With the birds in the sunny weather:  
"And don't you eber doubt it,  
"For we knows all about it,  
"And we knows ebery fing;  
"We hears our mamma sing."  
She says be careful what you say  
(She is 'fraid we dive her away)  
We really are too smart,  
So you see, we all agree,  
To every thing and shout  
And sing, and continue to sing  
With the birds, and baby brother.

And very often mamma and papa  
Too walk along, join in the song  
Down the self same lane,  
That once seemed long. ( All sing)  
"We love fresh air, the birds and trees  
We love the lull of the gentle breeze

That makes sweet music in the trees;  
Through the deep thick shade  
Toward the clear blue sky  
To see the fleecy clouds go by;  
With busy bees, the flowers  
No family happier now than ours.

### *NO LONGER A KID.*

I am no longer a kid,  
Have outgrown my kidlet ways,  
Yet always in for some fun,  
Think it's the thing and pays.

If dignity means to be sedate  
So sober as never to smile  
I would rather prefer to wait,  
Not to dignify yet a while.

Yes rather take chances,  
Sidetrack the shy glances  
Of such as profess overmuch  
Who grow prematurely old  
Not keeping the world in touch.

*THE BRIGHT SIDE.*

Look on the bright side, again I insist,  
Vary thy steerage and banish the mist.  
Joy be thy compass, through night and by day;  
"Laugh and grow fat"—glad-hearted and gay.

Send out some greeting to all whom you meet;  
Will make you more happy and steady your feet.  
Stand firmer my fellows, so downcast and sad,  
The sunshine is yours, rejoice and be glad.

The twinkling stars, the brook and the tree  
The dew-drop and daisy so bright and so free;  
Wherever thou art on land or on sea,  
The great heart of love, throbs ever for thee.

*LOVE.*

Love is the welding of hearts, where wishes join,  
The putting of self away for better coin.  
Love is an endless chain, with links all fast;  
If you take one link away—Love cannot last.

*LOVE'S CIPHER DISPATCH.*

"The stealing glance that wins its way  
To where the soul's affections lay."

A little more "tin" to a Scotchman's tone  
Than Americans' I think;  
The Irishman—who can talk on the rin  
Has seemingly twang of zinc.

The Colored's, bears a mixture of mud  
Or is somewhat heavy, rather  
And no matter if dark as midnight  
You can tell the one from 'tother.

The Italian and John Chinaman,  
Speak forth with a lighter flow  
And to help explain their meaning  
Their motions they make—"just so"—

The German's a sturdy fellow  
Who studies his brogue to break  
If he wants you to understand him  
He tries his best to make.

And then there's another language,  
Known as the "woman's tongue,"  
Who has not heard one talk a streak  
Don't know the general run.

There's the broken and unbroken  
All alike they have their crosses  
But no language written or spoken  
Like "glance" twixt lads and lasses.  
No matter what nationality  
No matter how dark the night;  
Love's cipher dispatch is  
What makes the matches that  
Strike till they turn down the light.

### *LOVE SONG.*

My love is all the world to me,  
North, South, o'er land or sea  
Or East or West my Love is best,  
Or West or East, a constant feast,  
My love is all the world to me.  
Or be he on the land or sea  
Of all that therein is  
More than them all to me.  
Were it not for love, else could not be.  
Then come to me, come to me dearest  
I am waiting and watching for thee.

*LOVE'S GARDEN.*

Love's garden is where affection  
Is the medium of exchange;  
Where wishes make the connection  
By fond looks fairest range.

Fragrant and fair love's garden  
None can thy secrets know—  
How Cupid prowls for prizes  
Nor how thy tendrils grow.

Till once within thy borders  
On entering do find  
How like the ivy to the oak  
Love's garden's tendrils bind.

The fruitage of love's garden,  
That rarer and more rare  
Heart throbs unfold to blossoms  
For yield surpassing fair.

The elfins of love's garden  
From diamond dew-drops sip

And revel in beds of roses  
Tippling from honied lips.

Where passions play responsive;  
Where hearts eclipse the head;  
Where eloquence of glances,  
Where no words need be said.

Love's garden hath fairer flowers  
Her roses are more fair  
That charm through passing hours  
And lend their presence rare.

Love's garden hath her springtime,  
The bloom of love for poet's rhyme,  
The fragrant breath of zephyrs;  
The budding in her prime.

For summer sky—the deep blue eye;  
For autumn—eyes of brown;  
For virgin snow—a throat I know;  
For winter—casual frown.

Love's garden hath rarer roses  
Than bush or bud hath borne;  
And ere "My Love" proposes  
The trysting place foresworn.

The fruitage of love's garden  
For cherry and peach and pear,  
Heart-throbs unfold the blossoms,  
The Elfins revel there.

Elfins of love's sweet garden  
Where bees from dew-drops sip,  
And frolic among the lilies  
That zephyrs gently tip.

It is within love's garden  
Where tiniest tendrils grow,  
Till twining hearts together  
The weldings ever glow.

Garden of Love, where settles  
Fond kisses on fervored lips ;  
Pink finger-tips for petals,  
Pet phrases pass for tips.

Garden where modest blushes,  
Deep dimples, loving eyes ;  
Maiden, O beauty marvel,  
A new and glad surprise.

To find the fullest favor,  
To know thy inmost art ;  
Entrancing loved and lover,  
Responsive heart to heart.

Love's garden therefore hath her glory;  
All elements are in the story:  
For showers, are tears;  
For storms, are fears;  
Through the years of joy or sorrow—  
God's blessing on thee each to-morrow.

### *THE LAW OF TRADE.*

Some have a conscience, some have none,  
Some live in a tent and feel at home,  
Some have no home and rove about  
Above reproach; I have found this out.

Some think all night what to do next day,  
How to "make a stake" and get away,  
And afterward live in pomp and style,  
With conscience smitten all the while.

Mistaking each bush for an officer,  
Whose badge or star may to them refer,  
While often seemingly industrious  
Are sometimes refugees from justice.

If I were a Gentile or even a Jew,  
With the tactful insight found in you,  
Might own a bank in a single day,  
It is just as well it is not that way.

*A DENVER LADY NOTARY.*

Behold, the Goddess of Liberty  
Not more dignified than she,  
Strictly modern lady notary  
First ever known to history.

(Enter applicant for pension.)

Hold up your hand, sir, and be sworn;  
Said she, with a sort of semi frown,  
"The color of your hair, and eyes?"  
With tone of voice, that gave surprise,  
Not perfectly sound, and how do you feel?  
And gracefully annexed her seal.

Tho' he was brave hearted comrade  
With honorable discharge,

Bore the scars of many battles  
Was an officer at large:

Had ne'er before surrendered,  
No, neither heart nor hand,

So commanding was her manner  
That he was at her command;

(Prepared his papers with intention  
And is "private" partner to the pension.)

(Sequel).

Now, he's no longer bachelor,  
And she is ex-Miss Notary,  
He holds the baby—as a Seal—  
While she administers the meal.

### *ADJUSTMENT.*

Born within a shell that is subject unto breakage,  
Individual responsibilities and cares galore,  
Selfishness and uncertainty like some fragile  
package,  
Reform, what's under thine own hat thoroughly  
before.

You ever do insist that the world is growing  
worse  
Else it may be; with faith, hope and love to  
fortify,  
Most pitiful to see how little these avail thee,  
They suffer most who quite forego instead of  
ever try.

Each day be given less to faults and feignings  
To know and be the truth, be this thy chief  
desire,  
Attaining non-resistance yields most important  
gainings,  
Truly there is nothing, that excelleth character.

*ON THE TRAIN.*

Gliding along, perfect comfort and ease,  
Speeding through space, smooth as the breeze.  
By secret of simple system of steam;  
The work of some genius, a fairy-like dream.

Wheatfields and meadows, so vivid appear  
And now they are gone, scarce time to refer.  
The cattle and horses, in drowsy recline,  
Disturbed for the instant, form in a line.

The picturesque ricks, abundant the yield;  
The orchards of fruits, the far-reaching field.  
Broad acres entrance, perfecting the scene.  
The sunshine, the songbirds, the groves that be-  
tween  
The children are joyous, the grown are spell-  
bound;  
And we wave them in passing, glad tidings re-  
sound.

*PIKE'S PEAK.*

Had I been with you in the snow  
To see you get so soaking wet;  
I might have made a verse, or so,  
And surely think I would—may yet.

In August on the highest peak  
"Affinities" no word can speak  
No summer month is half so warm  
As is affection's mutual charm.

Drawn to each other, lasting chords;  
No frost can freeze, no need for words;  
The look far-reaching, deeper far  
From those fond eyes—than peak from star

Alas! I envy him his court—  
Am jealous of the precious prize.  
I too, am won; enamoured quite  
By mystic glance from lovely eyes.

*MOUNTAIN MUSINGS.*

If variest daintiest chirp  
Of tiniest little bird  
So near confirms the truth  
Of the "unspoken word."

Thy voice so strangely sweet  
Melodious and complete;  
Wafted on the morning air  
Proves that God is everywhere.

Perfectness of the slender petal;  
Leaf and flower so uniform.  
Sound and color sweetly blending,  
Life of love, whose portals charm.

Throughout all of time extending  
Merging into beauty rare  
Sacred musings serve the moment  
In memory the soul of prayer.

*LADY OF THE LAKE.*

I have for a friend, one C. M. C.,  
Who lives by a beautiful willow tree,  
On the banks of a sparkling lake:  
Where fishes and fowls their pleasure take,  
In guessing the shadows from over the meadow,  
By sun or moon, through the willow tree  
Of the lady love of my C. M. C.,  
As to and fro is gracefully past  
Her lovely form on the water cast  
From the willow bough a grapevine swing;  
From whence so often is heard to sing,  
In sweetest tones, like an angel voice,  
Some song of love to her mated choice.

(Sings:)

Oh, the golden willow the vines for swings,  
In my perfect boat I am taking note  
Of my lovely pets, the fowls and fishes,  
As they glide and float and guess my wishes,  
As I glance from them, out over the meadow,  
Where the peaceful kine in the painted clover  
Their perfect pleasure take, and ever

And anon, I study and think and plan  
How better to work in the golden traces  
With my own—true love—my perfect man,  
Do what I can to smoothe rough places,  
To soften the pillow with sweet content,  
So sweet as the clovers perfume sent;  
From o'er the banks of the beautiful lake  
That he may as perfect pleasure take,  
As the fowls and fishes, and gentle kine  
Nor ever feel the weight of time,  
And time touch lightly upon his brow,  
For I'm his sweetheart, I'm his frau.  
O, come with me dear to my grapevine swing,  
And sit very near while I sweetly sing  
In close commune, with the fowls and fishes.  
To win their affections, they share my wishes.  
I'll borrow from them, their mild content,  
And convey it to thee, as heaven sent.  
Then come with me dear to my lovely swing  
And sit very near, while I sweetly sing:  
It is very safe, have ye no fear—  
Share with me your love—I will share your care.

*ON HER TWELFTH BIRTHDAY.*

(By request of Mamma.)

Blossom, dear Blossom, whose sprightly expression  
Thus promptly to prompt the poetical vein,  
When "sweet sixteen" gallants will be guessing  
How best to pursue thy love's mystic train.

That love is a mystery, some have accepted,  
That many a "suitor" may yet be rejected ;  
That flirting and foppery, too, are professions  
That "trigger" is sprung by sprightly expressions ;  
That beauty and goodness are not always connected ;  
That many a cast-off is most sadly dejected ;  
That wreckages strewn like dead leaves on the way  
That hearts may be broken by what you may say.

The unspoken word the look or the action,  
The "sheep's glance" enough to give satisfaction.  
The presents that follow expressive of joy,  
The hearts that are tossed about as a toy,  
The broken and bleeding, O, bear you in mind,

The things that betoken what you will find.  
You take chances, the fates will determine  
Who may be your mate, or Gentile or German  
However exacting, or the most common scrub,  
For Love is mysterious, and here is the rub;  
Then beware of the wiley, don't you barter away;  
Heart strings have been broken by some foppish  
    Jay.

Good-looking and dressy, so shapely and all,  
Remember Old Adam took part in the fall.

That Adonis and Venus, and by Jupiter,  
To mix-ups that happen you simply refer  
Love is blind as a bat—an honest confession—  
Due largely, perhaps, to the sprightly expression.

#### *CLAIM TO BE TWINS.*

Little maidens, blue eyes and brown,  
Claim to be twins, in "mighty big" town.  
Equally saucy, and full of mischief,  
Each other's company, perfect relief,  
Equal in many things, different in few,  
One has brown eyes, the other has blue;  
One is a brunette, the other a blonde,  
And each of the other so equally fond.  
In many respects they are "twins" indeed;  
Certain others, "Take the will for the deed."

## TO ——, (AFTER VACATION.)

Am glad you returned to the City,  
Hope you are here to stay,  
As an editor, wise and witty,  
Forever, and for a day.

I am also glad to know  
You are still in statu-quo,  
So happy, busy and sunny,  
And making a little money.

The gleaming intelligence of your face,  
The goodly share of womanly grace  
You carry with you every day,  
The always knowing, what to say,  
In keeping "tab" on matters current,  
Acquired fitness, and inherent.

*COMPARISONS.*

The genial face and the agile step  
Are the face and the step for me.  
Most likely win "nine out of ten"  
More than "two best out of three."

The beaming eye on passing by,  
Light hearted, glad and free,  
Are pleasing and inspiring—  
Worth living long to see.

'Tho "comparisons are odious"  
One may frankly—must admit—  
The sluggish one, to look upon  
By contrast, "isn't in it."

*ANSWERED.*

A little bird once came to me  
And sang a song so merrily.  
"Whoever sent you here," said I.  
"The spirit of love," was the reply.  
The answer wafted in sweetest song  
Or love, or spirit, was cherished long.

*CHOICE OR FAVORITE.*

It is, indeed, a difficult task  
To determine one's favorite flower,  
Or violet, or lily, or rose.  
Who knows? Who knows?  
There are so many from which to select  
Change one's mind, cause to reflect  
For an hour, as to one's favorite flower.  
In Literature, or prose, or verse,  
One's favorite is (who knows?) or worse,  
Since really so many are ever so clever  
Try naming a choice, impossible ever—  
Or whether of fact or of fiction,  
It is true, make no contradiction.  
Is it so of the human family?  
We have our favorites you and me,  
So well we love "some persons" best,  
But little is left for all the rest.

*ROMANCE.*

(From Fact.)

Now here is a beautiful tree,  
Have guarded it from a sprout,  
Do spare it, kind sir, for me  
While clearing the others out.  
Am fond of the "grand old" trees—  
Leave this one, if you please.

Under it's branches I first met,  
Loved and wooed as lovely maid  
As ever walked the sod, sir;  
Deprive us not of its shade.

All these long, long years it  
Has stood each succeeding storm,  
And now it marks the sacred mound  
Of wife, Mother. Refrain from harm.

## TO — ON RUBY WEDDING.

“Harry” and “Dolly” and “Dolly” and “Harry”  
Long, long years ago decided to marry.  
And marry they did on a certain day—  
Third of October the calendars say.

Sweethearts all this time and more,  
As greatly determined as ever before  
To win and hold each others affection  
At whatever cost, and in this connection;

Exchange of gleanings, reading together;  
Sunny, however stormy the weather,  
Harmonious, blending the two in one  
More substantial than the usual run.

Till days of doubts and fear are gone  
Of guessing and uncertainty,  
They hail with joy the gladsome dawn  
Thirty-five years since wedding day.

Then here’s to me heart and to me hand,  
The Dooleys are dandies—Bohemians—and  
So generous to a fault I find,  
Shall thusly ever bear them in mind.

*IN MEMORIAM.*

Thou lily of the valley,  
Blooming in beauty rare,  
Fulfilling a sweet mission.  
'Twas God who placed thee there.

Growing in all perfection,  
Not caring to be seen,  
Seeking remote seclusion  
So modest and serene.

Scarce had thy flower unfolded,  
Superbly full and fair,  
A cruel hand hath crushed thee  
Ruthless and unaware.

'Tis simply a transplanting.  
Thy yield will be more bright;  
Beautiful and eternal,  
Clothed in celestial light.

\*       \*       \*       \*

"Then I think of one who in  
Her youthful beauty died,

The fair, meek blossom that grew up  
And faded by my side.

In the cold moist earth we laid her  
When the forest cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely  
Should have a life so brief.

Yet not unmeet it was that one  
Like that dear young friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful,  
Should perish with the flowers."

#### *A CHILD'S EPIAPH.*

By winding road in Fairmount  
Is seen a little mound;  
"Papa's Chum Gone,"  
On simple headstone found.

To many eyes it brings the tears,  
As to a broken heart refers.  
Known by all who pass that way,  
And Papa has their sympathy.

The little fellow had made himself useful  
leading the blind father.

*WEIGHED FIVE POUNDS.*

Speaking of turkey reminds me  
Ten days before Thanksgiving  
Our minds were bent on living  
As well as on any day before,  
Have as many good things, or more.  
Then it was our darling boy  
With pocket-book and greatest joy  
Was started out to look about,  
Nothing more nor less than that  
To find a gobbler that was fat.  
It was early in the morning  
And soon it was that he  
Saw a rare looking specimen  
On a lone and spreading tree  
That the turkeys were adorning;  
Then it was that he did mention  
To the farmer his intention  
Taking home a turkey living,  
After honest money giving.  
Plucked a fine one from the roost,  
On the "all right" scales did boost.  
"Ah! Fine and fat it is," he says,

"Fifteen pounds is what it weighs."  
Although it was a healthy bird  
Of such a head whoever heard,  
For after those ten days well fed  
Weighed but ten pounds without the head.

*ALL COMPLETE.*

A little cluster, trash and straw,  
All neatly finished and round,  
A little pair of birdies  
Nesting upon the ground  
With no sort of a shelter,  
Perchance a little weed.  
God cares for the tiny creatures,  
It is wonderful, indeed.  
However delicate and small  
"Nor doth a single sparrow fail."

A little nest of speckled eggs,  
Two birdies—man and wife—  
Are never known to disagree.  
Surely there is no strife.  
A little nest of birdies,  
Brown and pretty and sweet,  
List to their gentle cooing,  
What could be more complete.

*NO CREDIT.*

I had a fellow for a friend  
With all the faculty,  
Of make believe, who would pretend  
I was the only.

Once on a time when busted  
He asked me for a lift,  
I loaned him ten, mistrusted—  
As well have been a gift.

At first I rather prized him  
But caught him in a lie,  
And later realized him  
Dead head of deepest dye.

Could that ten tell the story  
Of how my pockets leak,  
But then it can't, begory,  
It is to others Greek.

But little thanks for being poor,  
'Sin to let others beat you,  
'Aint goin' to do it any more,  
Till someone proves untrue.

*BIRD LOVE.*

"Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,  
In friendship as faithful  
As constant in love."

Not infrequently I see the birdies kiss,  
Indeed they do, often as any lovers.  
In bird life, there is unbounded bliss,  
So much not hidden under covers.

No carefully drawn curtain  
When sweetest song is sung  
(Like courtings mostly done)  
Is the birds' unbounded happiness  
Kept in seclusion from the world.  
If such gay plumage and sweet song  
Are meant for one, and only one,  
They are by more seen and enjoyed.

Not sweetest song by some dim light  
But rather at the dawn of day.  
Is this not right? And no monopoly.  
On rising sun and blushing East  
No maiden's crimson cheek  
For kisses vainly wished.  
Oh, for the joy of birds

'Mongst humans introduced,  
And live wings for plumage  
Instead thereof of dead.

Birds love by living action,  
No empty word is said.

### *JEALOUSY.*

A beautiful bride on a bright sunny day  
Was bathing in a branch when, sad to say,  
By some ill fate or dire mischance  
She lost her ring of shining gold  
In the water deep, as I am told.  
Screamed for the giver, "Husband, dear,"  
Who said, "It is gone forever, I fear,  
It may turn up is my hope and wish."  
Was afterward found inside of a fish  
At a restaurant on the table.  
How verily romance or fable  
A thing so unusually rare—  
It was placed on the bill of fare;  
And so greatly effected a sort of dude  
That he called it bologna, a thing so rude  
The bride made a break at the fellow's head.  
A terrible scrap, they were taken out dead,  
When on being buried in a single grave  
The groom was jealous, and started to rave.

*FASHION.*

There are black birds with red wings,  
And red birds with black wings

Soon to have no wings at all.

There are blondes and brunettes  
With wings on their hats—

Was it Eve induced Adam to fall?

Only think of the flood  
Of the poor birds' life blood  
That hath flown just alone

For the thoughtless and vain,  
With the birds, blood is blood,  
Life is dear as to you;

From so brutal fashion refrain.

*TAKE A TUMBLE.*

A Tumble weed in fairy land  
Came tumbling into a brownie band.  
All went on board the lovely train,  
Enjoyed a spin in the dashing rain.  
Most jolly crew, as all agreed,  
Taking a ride on a tumble weed.

*THE NIGHT BIRD.*

I have one little bird  
That sings in the night,  
Whose happiness voices over  
Long before daylight.  
Takes his rest between times,  
Makes merry while he may,  
Sings because he has to,  
From what I hear him say:  
"To-whit, to-whit, to-whir-r-r."  
Is not a very pretty bird  
A most modest little thing  
Shies to the utmost pinnacle:  
Then makes the welkin ring:  
"To-whit, to-whit, to-whir-r-r."  
Wish all might hear him sing.

*TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION.*

In the silent watches of the night,  
A sight came o'er me that was a sight.  
The "people" ask Congress for a monument  
And with it alone would be content.  
Like Cleopatra or the obelisk  
And fully satisfied with this.

A tribute to labor inscribed thereon  
In plainest English following form,  
"To labor we owe, our very existence,"  
Signed by all the congressmen  
With the greatest resistance.

Majestically towering toward the sky,  
Constructed of something of value high,  
Say, for instance, the silver bullion,  
And issue a hundred and fifty million  
With four per cent on posterity,  
Heritage of lasting drudgery.

And then a tombstone to stand thereby  
With simple inscription to catch the eye

In memory, O the congressmen of a nation,  
Who gave more tax than representation.

Hand the rascals down to history  
In their proper light;  
Preserve them to posterity,  
Perfect parasite

### *THE SLEIGH RIDE.*

The snow, the snow, the beautiful snow,  
I observe it still fastly falling,  
And sleighing is perfect, immense;  
For a drive I am quite in suspense.

For O the beautiful snow  
That makes a sleigh go,  
Light hearts sprightly beat,  
Is still fastly falling

On house top and street.  
All this being so, will you please  
Let me know just when we can go  
How for instance to-night?  
The moon will shine bright  
And though our ears tingle  
We'll hear the bells jingle.

*MODERN MINING.*

Mines and electricity  
So great in their import,  
Working on the skirmish line,  
Aforetime, held the fort;  
What the future hath in store  
Mining easier and more,  
Not to be determined yet,  
Ripe for it, the time is set;  
Strictly up against each other—  
Have you not seen the smoke?  
So much less need of muscle,  
Tell you, it is no joke.

Less money out, more to make,  
Mining is to take the cake.  
No more hammer, no more drills,  
Melt the ore and make it run  
Like they do at the mills,  
And catch the molten stuff  
In iron trains, do enough  
To make up for lost time,  
When mining's reached its prime.  
A field that is so very great  
Can scarcely have an ultimate.  
In many things, electricity  
Is doing all that needs to be.

*TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.*

Halt you now on your downward career;  
Face about.

Acquired depravity's the unpardonable sin  
There is little doubt.

To whisky, tobacco, profanity your about  
Half gone;

And, too, along the downward career  
You're far from being alone.

How many wrecks there are by the way,  
By the way how many a wreck,  
Good character's sterling currency  
Till its opposite taketh effect.

That great big I of selfishness  
Is very certainly God  
Careth little for other's feelings  
And scarcely common clod.

Vascillating, impetuous, irascible,  
And other such things as these,  
It is next thing to impossible  
For others ever to please.

Oh God have mercy on the inhuman race;  
That He will I hope and expect;  
For a better breed there's plenty of space,—  
Its a matter of cause and effect.

## AT THE THEATER.

(Whispered to escort:)

If it don't offend your lady friend  
Have her remove that hat—  
Spoils the effect, you may expect.  
Please to remove that hat;  
Feathers high twixt stage and I,  
Sight me to remove that hat;  
I'd rather die than sit and try—  
O, say, I am tired of that;  
May be sagacious, but audacious  
If she don't remove that hat—  
Do not expect me to get the effect  
Anything short of that.  
Have only seen twixt feathers green—  
O, thank you, ma'am, for that.  
What helps me to see the fun  
Is also good for the general run,  
So glad you removed that hat.

*LITTLE HATTIE.*

A certain little girl I knew  
Bathed her raven locks with dew,  
Arranged them at the rain-barrel  
Fairly well, precise and true.

Hast'ning thither to the garden,  
Longed to dwell among the flowers,  
The "ideal" to her was real,  
Daily ling'ring there for hours.

Drinking from the fount of Nature  
Mirrored in the crystal stream,  
Birds and bees were her companions,  
Their sweet philosophy to glean.

Thus she grew to high attainments  
The most gentle and refined;  
The inoffensive and defenseless  
She did defend, exceeding kind.

And thus so well associated  
In her plastic tender years

Feels it keenly evil-fated  
Children prisoners kept indoors.

“Dingy, dirty halls and stairways;  
Stunted, starved, in trucky towns.  
Cities suitable for children?  
Scarcely more than see the ground.”

Thousands of our dainty tendrills,  
Slightly more than half alive,  
Most pitiful, sallow, slender, of  
Sun and out-door life deprived.

Get them out into the country,  
Give the little ones a show;  
Purer air for brain and muscle,  
Let them have a chance to grow.

### *GRADUATION.*

As now we see in these roses,  
Completeness of growth is ended,  
May growth of completeness in you  
Thus begun, be forever extended.  
May thy life be pure and complete  
As these flowers at thy feet.  
Each day better than the last,  
Blessings ever thus to cast.

*A PICTURE.*

He took the children while at play,  
The afternoon of an April day.  
They did not know that this was done—  
Were taken by surprise at home.

It was a very pretty thing.  
It seemeth one can hear them sing.  
He even caught their very laugh,  
So true to life the photograph.

A little group of happy faces,  
And many other pleasant traces—  
Porch and playthings—all are in  
A mirthful group, unknown to sin.

Heart and life so glad and free,  
Without the slightest mystery,  
Most they know is laugh and song,  
Scarce have even heard of wrong.

Father, may they be kept as pure,  
Unknown to sin forevermore;  
The ten commandments all obey,  
Keep growing better every day.

### *UNDER MY PLATE.*

*“Could I of lovelier mansion be possessed  
Than in their hearts to dwell a welcome guest?”*

“Mamma and baby leave a kiss  
For papa, and a share of bliss.  
Find hot things in the oven  
For your dinner loven.  
When we go out to call  
You see you get them all.  
In this you are the winner  
When we’re away to dinner.”  
This was found. I looked around.  
No mamma and no baby.  
“Home tonight,” 'spose it’s all right,  
They’ve gone to visit maybe.  
Although it’s lonesome, they will come  
For sure without them it is not home.  
Plenty to eat and dainty dishes,  
Love and kisses and best wishes,  
Papa found the latter best  
To help to make the meal digest.

*SANTA CLAUS.*

He brought baby the biggest doll  
About, in all of Denver;  
Almost half as tall as she,  
Not less than half as slender;  
Dark brown eyes and rosy cheeks,  
Looks so bright as if she speaks.  
All sought her to befriend her.  
One a brunette, the other a blonde,  
Have become fast friends, very fond  
Of each other, and I am told  
Are chummy and correspond.  
When either's away an hour or day;  
Nor ever short on something to say  
'Bout Santa Claus, and other things,  
How blessed Christmas always brings  
Some new and glad surprise—  
Why it is that some disguise  
Makes this world a fairy land  
And children part of Brownies' band,  
Till now it is they realize  
And understand, and estimate  
Something very good and great

Takes place every Christmas date  
As well as Eighteen Ninety Eight.  
Thus understood, they then resign  
To await for Christmas Ninety Nine  
As one more link in the fairy chain,  
Fall asleep in the sweet refrain.

### *SPOOKS.*

I have heard strange things of "Spooks,"  
As yet have never seen them.  
Have seen strange things, and real,  
Of structure strangely slim.  
To speak of "Spooks" it makes me feel  
That if a skeleton should reel  
Right in upon me with a squeal,  
Proverbial dry bones—no meat—  
How my last vestige of conceit—

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Are you to be a skeleton?  
Mayhap a "Spook;" if so, w'y then,  
Of the reality in fiction  
Opposing "Spooks" creates a friction.

(Note—Thirteen lines composed on Friday  
the 13th.)

## AT THREE.

I does des lots of fings  
However smart or otherwise,  
Of which I neber mention,  
Sometimes spring a question  
Dat dibs 'em quite surprise.  
Den I pays no attention,  
They fink I's bery wise  
From all I hear and see.  
'Tis what I do not know  
A little bird tells me.

Some day I'll be big as sister,  
She is ten years old,  
And den if fings don't suit me  
I will right up and scold.  
Now if I even start to frown  
Mamma and sister call me down.  
Big folks havç a monopoly.  
Some day I will have my way.  
I will be big and have a beau,  
Just like other folks I know.

*A PROPHETY.*

Sweet little maiden that I know,  
Lottie Collie, as names do go,  
With pearly teeth as white as snow,  
Complexion pinkish, all aglow;  
Eyes that sparkle, curls that grow,  
Sweet little maiden that I know.

Rosy cheeks and dimpled chin,  
Too much laughter to grow thin;  
Full of mischief, free from folly,  
Sweet little maiden, Lottie Collie.

Fond of music, birds and flowers,  
Strokes her kitty hours and hours;  
Horses are pets to her, and such  
Gladly receive her tender touch;  
Takes good care of "Little Dolly,"  
Sweet little maiden, Lottie Collie.

Now, after a dozen years gone by,  
So short to her, she's going to try  
To grow more beautiful, pure and sweet,  
Sweet little maid I chanced to meet.

*OUR BABY.*

"All kin' o' smiley roun' the lips,  
An' teary roun' the lashes."

Darling blue-eyed, laughing baby,  
With rosy dimpled cheeks.  
What else is half so cunning  
As baby when she speaks.  
Tries to say most ebery fing,  
Tries to make her dolly sing;  
Tries to bother papa  
When he wants to write.  
He can scarce resist her,  
With face and eyes so bright,  
Yet he sometimes puts her out,  
Then there's sure to be a pout.  
Mamma smiles at ways so simple,  
Baby laughs and deeper dimple  
Comes in rosy cheeks—a wimple  
Only two years old,  
Older hearts may hold.

*BABY IS GONE.*

Now she is sleeping with the quiet dead,  
The cherished one,  
Cut off in health, the short life fled  
In verdant bloom.  
Fair, happy, bright, in beauty clad,  
Now gone to rest.  
Well may Old Mother Earth be glad.  
Can it be best?

Our hearts are swelling, bursting now  
And crushed to bleed.  
O, how we mourn our little darlings,  
Life forever fled.  
Her playthings scattered on the floor  
While she is gone  
And will be seen with them no more,  
Dear little one!

The lovely walks among the trees  
Are silent now  
That the cold death dew has gathered  
On her brow.

‘L. of C.’

The sweet and golden ringlet curls  
Upon her head  
Do deck the darkness of the coffin.  
Of the dead.

Tenderly now we bury her beneath  
The tree she loved,  
Close by the very path and flowers  
Where oft she roved.  
The branches of the beauteous fir tree  
Still will wave  
In lone and solemn stillness, hereafter  
O'er her grave.

Good-by dear, gentle, lovely, little one,  
'Tis hard to sever  
The sacred bonds of love, and bid  
Good-by, forever.

### *WELCOME DEATH.*

The night bird calls me now again;  
I welcome death; list the refrain:  
"Late, late, so late; come in, come in."

Much that was promised, I could not do,  
But now am called and I must go.  
"Come in, come in; late, late, so late."

*LITTLE FLORA.*

TO THE BEREAVED PARENTS.

“Life’s moments seem like clustered stones,  
The happy shine in brightest tears.  
And then to make them brighter still  
The sad, between the diamonds fill  
Their space with gloom.”

There is music in a step,  
There is sunshine in a face,  
There is beauty in a growth  
That science cannot trace.

Recollections, Oh how sweet!  
Of the sound of little feet  
Tripping lightly on the floor  
(We shall hear them now no more).

So great blessing in this life  
Can another realize—  
God in heaven Thy will be done,  
Do thou safely guard our prize.

*A MOTHER'S DREAM.*

I saw a child in the muddy street  
Let fall a tear as it stopped to greet  
A haughty man with a plea for bread.  
'Twas a faint appeal, but the stranger said :  
"My child, your grief is dire and deep,  
But mine is so wild, I cannot weep."

Is it all in a dream? My pulse throbs slow—  
My heart is chilled and the fire burns low.  
I walked in a garden, a garden fair;  
I gathered the sweetest flower there—  
Is it so?

I made it a bower, it lighted the room;  
I loved it, my heart forgot all its gloom  
And the moments passed like a fair spring day  
With its singing birds, when the flowers of May  
Bud and bloom.

Does Time keep a book? Let him turn to the line  
Where my flower bloomed, a flower divine.

Says the book of Time, and it comes from above,  
To bring only one message, the message of love—  
    Love divine.

My message—no, not for me alone,  
For the world is wide and the great unknown  
Has a care over all in his love for me—  
I am only taught what the world may see  
    But not own.

For the love of my babe as it laughed on my breast  
Binds the earth to the sky and the east to west;  
Binds the bird to its nest and the land to the sea,  
And my children who live binds them closer to me  
    Heaven blest.

Time close up the book, though your stay is brief,  
In the love of my God must these tears find relief.

*WAITING FOR JESSIE.*

Jessie, dear Jessie, on the Capitol steps,  
I'm waiting for thee this glorious morn.  
Nature is teeming with verdure and beauty,  
The mountains loom up, the city adorn.

A scene such as this suggestive of heaven,  
Surpassingly fair, how the blendings excel,  
Landscape spreading forth, the steeples point sky-  
ward

Proclaiming conditions that words cannot tell.

Fair Denver is nestling luxuriant in valley,  
The Cherry and Platte are wending their way;  
The song birds put forth their happiest chorus,  
The American flag waves most gloriously.

Now you suggest I'm inclined to be clanish.  
May this superb view inspire you betimes  
And bear you in mind, the muses all vanished  
When you did appear, dispelling my rhymes.

*"OH, SAY, 'ISN'T IN IT.'"*

Come off the dump,  
Any old thing,  
You'll have to hurry,  
That's got the ring.

She is a Lulu  
Shootin' the shoots,  
Pretty as a speckled pup,  
You bet your boots.

Stuck on your shape;  
Well, I like that,  
Felt like thirty cents—  
Where'd you get that hat?

Wouldn't that jar you?  
Well, I should smile;  
Get there all the same,  
Arter a while.

How do you stack up?  
Well, I guess yes,

Who's adoin' this  
And Good-by, Sis.

Get a hump on yourself  
And bug house begory,  
"You'll have to show me"  
Another—dictionary.

### *CLIMATE AND HEALTH.*

I came to Colorado  
A skeleton walking ghost,  
And Oh, what music it was to me  
To hear others of health to boast:  
"I gained ten pounds the first three months,  
Next twelve months twenty more."  
My medicine "got left" on the shelf,  
A "thing of the past" drug store.  
And now I enjoy good health again  
Like many another with only one lung.

"The sky was clear,  
The air pure and bracing,  
Dry and light.  
It was a soothing experience  
Inhaling health."

*LEADVILLE.*

Historic "City of the Clouds,"  
Gold excels and snow enshrouds;  
Almost two miles above sea level,  
Where it snows to beat the devil,  
Yellow stuff is stored,—so much  
Men most go wild to be in touch.  
Don't stop for weather or anything,  
Drills and picks make the welkin ring,  
Smoke stacks and smelters by the acre,  
No place more favored of the Maker.  
Where faithful prospectors had roamed,  
Some scores of miles are honeycombed,  
Shafts and tunnels everywhere,  
Who fail "its neither here nor there,"  
For lab'ring hard year after year  
Goes bravely on and never fear  
Mining underground or over;  
(Who makes a "strike" is in the clover.)  
Some lease and bond for thousands many,  
Who climbed the hill without a penny;  
Several Strattons in the state,  
This camp is well up on the slate,

The least successful feel so good,  
The miner's master of his mood.  
"For gold is where it's found" they say,  
And here's a camp that's come to stay.

### *THE VOICE OF LOVE.*

A sweet little bird on neighboring tree,  
In plaintive tones did say to me:  
"The birds are often sad  
As well as the human family.  
Cause to mourn, my heart doeth break  
For the sacrifice this day I make;  
A ruthless boy so wickedly  
Robbed me of that most dear to me—  
The tiny nest I have guarded well,  
A victim to the slayer fell;  
And contents for which I would die  
My heart is breaking, My, Oh, My!"

*CANON CITY.*

I sat on the banks of a river  
Composing a bit of verse,  
Thought how cities might be better,  
How others might be worse.  
On the banks of Old Arkansas  
In Canon City or quite,  
A river for centuries running  
So swiftly, day and night,  
Dear old historic Arkansaw  
And Canon City so fair,  
With privileges most marvelous  
Most salubrious bracing air.  
Sweet breath of the Royal Gorge,  
Nine-tenths of the time, bright sun,  
So exceptional advantages  
Over cities, of almost none, where  
No water leaping, bounding by  
Pure crystal at command,  
No orchard, acres miles and miles  
No broad and fertile land,  
No coal, no smelters, home-grown fruits,  
No beauteous blending snowy peaks,

No gorgeous mountains all around,  
No one who knows whereof he speaks,  
No better health resort is found,  
No sparkling springs of mineral,  
No climate half so equable,  
No just a mile above the sea,  
No air of utmost purity,  
No Switzerland Italian sky  
No such appeal to poetry;  
No hustling railroads, two or three,  
No others that are soon to be;  
No one knows the reason why  
No contrasts, but attract the eye.  
'Twas God who said, "let there be light,"  
I say, Old Canon, you'r all right.

### NEATNESS.

The birds surpass all human neatness,  
Their toilet shows exact completeness.  
Each day they take their bath,  
Give time to toilet more by half  
Than the average person, day or night,  
Hence look so clean and neat and bright,  
Practice secrets of beauty and health,  
Possess and enjoy the truest wealth.

## *SUPERSTITIONS.*

Human thought *creates* what it imagines, the phantoms of superstition project their real deformity, and live by the very terrors they produce. They owe their being to the delusions of imagination, and to the aberration of the senses, and are never produced in the presence of any one who knows and can expose the mystery of their monstrous birth.

See Thomas J. Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena," page 291.

Also the day of our own Cotten Mathers, the witch-killer is still fresh in memory.

Horseshoe and rabbit's foot,  
Thirteen and Friday;  
"Sure thing," failure or success  
More than you have an idea.  
When you start do not go back;  
Courage you will never lack.  
Sleep to Northward with your head,  
Don't put your hat upon the bed.  
All fixed rules and necessary,

Dare not, diverge or vary.  
Raise umbrella in the house  
Some say is ominous;  
Out of doors, "Well, I guess yes,"  
To raise your Ebenezer worse.

*WILL O' THE WISP.*

Freak or friction,  
Fact or fiction,  
Will or Will o' the Wisp.  
In the damp and in the dark  
Mystically whisp.

Blueish, purpleish and streakish,  
So phantastically freakish,  
Suggestive of a night.  
Will-o-Willy tell me  
Is this not right?

*MADNESS.*

Whom the gods would quite destroy  
'Tis said "they first make mad."  
Suppose it's so, I do not know;  
First heard it when a lad.  
I never caught them in the act  
Though it's supposed to be a fact.

I do not understand the meaning  
Of many of the larger sayings;  
But I have stood where madness had  
To do with some awful slayings.

In other cases much more mild,  
When persons unsophistic  
Have said to me (my blood has biled)  
That I was egotistic.

The gods mayhap were in the skies,  
My madness it was ample;  
One holds one's temper if he tries  
Or sets a bad example.

*CURIOSITY.*

All of the curious people  
Are requested to convene  
At some sequestered spot  
Not always on the green.  
Say church in consequence  
To see and be seen,  
Now add your name upon the list  
And every other listener,  
And think of the unnatural twist  
In the neck of some good sister.

*MEDITATIONS OF SPRING.*

I am in love with the birds and flowers,  
And I feast my soul on them for hours.  
A night bird sweetly sings in the dark,  
Then with the dawn, the trill of the lark  
Greets me with its joyous strain  
As it leads the others in glad refrain;  
Blend with the flowers in plumage gay,  
Lasting good cheer, in their melody.  
All rejoicing April showers,  
One may drink deep, ye heavenly powers.

*HOTEL EXPERIENCE.*

Some guy has just meandered  
Past my door;  
Time—something after one A. M.,  
Two, three, four.

Forty people, sound asleep,  
All up and down the hall  
Awakened by the pond'rous tread,  
Astonished one and all.

Inserts his self-importance  
In every step he takes;  
Some ill-bred, uncouth fellow,  
Tell by the fuss he makes.

Had heard some awful snoring,  
The plastern almost break;  
Someone, we held, was fast asleep,  
Not held—for his mistakes.

Whose snoring was spontaneous,  
Spasmodic else combusting—  
As by one voice it was agreed  
Said guy was most disgusting.

*SONG AND DANCE.*

"He loves to dock the smaller parts of speech  
As we curtail the already curtailed cur."

Contrasting of the minute, with the minuet,  
Difference is greater than first was thought.  
The U-t-e's an Indian, as seen at a glance,  
Aforesaid minuet, a slow, graceful dance.

Sixty seconds make a minute—  
May be Indians either sex,  
When they die will go to heaven—  
Only proper to expect.

A still more striking treatise  
Of similar dissimilarities,  
Is the relation Indians bear  
To some historic treaties.

A channel wide, seems to divide  
The wise from otherwise;  
The one keeps out of trouble,  
The other always seeing double.

Then what is meant by monument?

Also what by development?

Or that a man a "grafter" is

So long as minus good intent.

Too! there's the case of rain and reign,

One comes easy, and the other—hard.

But rulers can't produce a rainbow

With crown elated, envious of the Lord.

The vaguest vagaries ever yet

Rest between "mun" and funny;

Who can enjoy the minuet

One minute without money?

#### *FROM FACT.*

'Bout five every mornin'

There's a rigler pit-a-pat

'Thout the slightest warning.

No more sleep arter that.

Perchance sink into semi-doze,

Straightway get a punch on nose

Whatever else as comes and goes,

May escape a gouge in eyes,

Unintentional, or otherwise.

Nor any longer a new beginner

To trundle bed, you little sinner.

*THE BICYCLE BUSTER.*

Bicycle comin' down the street,  
Me "on the side," she in the seat,  
Seemingly steering for the moon  
Strikes a lamp post, ah! too soon.

The thing seemed fairly possessed  
I say, entirely bent on running away  
With the prettiest girl in town.  
First she'd laugh, then would frown,  
And then she would stamp and yowl  
When the umpire called a foul.

Now, here's to your wagon,  
And here's to your sled,  
And to a train of cars,  
That girl kept at it—  
I was half dead—  
We wrestled that wheel for hours.

No snail ever made a butterfly—  
It takes a stickler to win—  
Said she: "I'll learn to ride or die,  
For I started at it to win."  
And win she did—with a capital D—  
Now they swear, could climb a tree.

*BROKEN ENGAGEMENTS.*

There is many a man in the world  
Who cares not a mite for his word.  
Is it you? If it is wear the shoe.  
Do not think you're a liberty bird,  
Always free to go back on your word.

Somebody was waiting for you  
To keep the engagement you broke.  
You have sinned by wasting their time;  
You meant it not when you spoke.

Somebody had better take care;  
It makes one so badly appear,  
Breaking promises faster than boys  
Were ever known to break toys,  
Nor is there a factory mending integrity.

I will give you a pointer, my friend,  
That I think it might help to send  
You right straight to hell,  
For you know very well

That bad faith will tell, in the end,  
If you promised what you didn't intend.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is yet a moral standard,  
All men are not depraved.  
You are not beyond redemption—  
Call a halt and you are saved.

### THE CIRCUS.

How everybody stretched their necks  
To see the caliope.  
One hopes to see what one expects  
And realize his hope;  
Except the horses, though, I trow  
That so stood on tiptoe.

The circus may be a good thing,  
But makes the hostler cuss,  
Or she—or sir—cir-cus—the fuss  
The driver made  
Eclipsed the caliope  
And left it in the shade.

*THE BATH.*

The Legislature should pass a law  
Relating to the landlord  
Who builds a house without a flaw,  
The bath to have reward.

A penalty to be imposed  
Upon the person whom,  
And not permit it occupied  
In absence of such room.

If "cleanliness is Godliness,"  
Or next to it or quite,  
Bless the landlord when he builds  
For doing it just right.

Cursed be the Legislature  
Not passing such a law,  
That "hot" and "cold" and porcelain  
Must be the line to draw.

Cursed be the whole community  
Who tolerates the man

Short of a scalding twice a week,  
Is "no good" citizen.

And blessed be the towels and soap  
    Thrice blessed they that make them.  
The dolt will take the hint, I hope.  
    If not, why not? and then some.

I would rather be clean  
    Than congressman.

### *YOU'RE ANOTHER.*

"No news is good news,"  
    Another good old saying;  
Were you ever short on news  
    Discounted in the weighing?  
Incongruous paradox,  
    Systematic, sly old fox.  
Notwithstanding, although, but,  
    Nevertheless but thusly.  
No "noos" is too good news  
    For the average nuisance,  
Let the old saying say.

*THE BLOOMER FARM.*

(Proposal Extraordinary.)

Dr. Mary! Dr. Mary!  
I would like to own a farm,  
Just across the fence from yours,  
And see the constant swarin  
Of bonnie, bucksom maidens  
In bloomers or in tights,  
As in and out of doors  
They are putting things to rights.

*Chorus:*

Oh, Bloomers in the furrow,  
Bloomers on the milking stool;  
Only mention the tomorrow  
When you'll have to have a school.  
O, Bloomers in the furrow,  
Bloomers on the milking stool;  
You will never have a school  
For the children.

Dr. Mary! Dr. Mary!  
Are you in too big a hurry

To perpetuate your lineage  
For the future generation?  
Is the latch string never out,  
If a man should come about?  
Is your's to be the universal station?

*Chorus:*

Dr. Mary! Dr. Mary!  
Were the women all so very,  
Are you having any trouble  
Getting converts to your school?  
Of the thoroughly mature,  
Are you always certain sure?  
Tell us how you work it, as a rule.

*Chorus:*

Dr. Mary! Dr. Mary!  
If you'll take me in cahoots  
I will agree to furnish  
Every single pair of boots  
Just to get the combination.  
Have you any hesitation?  
Would you listen to a suitor if he suits?

## *WHAT ARE LEGS FOR?*

*“O, it was pitiful! In a whole city full  
Legs there were none.”*

Most legs are over a yard in length,  
Depend on how much used for strength.  
Some legs become as a slender stem,  
Would seem the owner had deserted them.  
Of legs some are never heard to speak,  
Nor ever walk, they have grown so weak.  
Instead they sit or ride the while  
Since walkings gone so out of style.  
*Know then thyself of laziness great,  
Else the human race will degenerate.*

Of animals wearing the boot or shoe,  
Nineteen hundred and two  
Thousand so like to put on style,  
Are never known to walk a mile.  
Some are poor and some are wealthy—  
Nay, all are poor, for not so healthy  
(*Who think too much of foot or face  
Become a curse to the human race.*)

Those who lounge and puff and blow  
Dread distance of one stone's throw.  
Always ride, and pay their money,  
Declare that walking's "not so funny."  
Some try to walk and then complain :  
"O, dear, it always gives me pain,  
No matter if walking's my best friend.  
O, dear, I can't! I'll try and send."  
Some, however, not that way,  
Have walked forty miles a day.  
Question? Not the like of you.  
It simply shows what legs can do.  
Who walk the most for pleasure  
Know best their health to treasure.

Some there are who walk for hours  
Searching fairest wild wood flowers.  
Learn to know each crevice and nook,  
The shining pebbles in rippling brook;  
Carpets of mosses and where they grow,  
What deep, thick shade; they always know  
The sweetest breath of purest breeze,  
Songs the birds sing, bushes and trees,  
Gathering the leaves and bright bouquets  
Adorn their rooms in delightful ways.  
On each return after strolls they take  
Whose ruddy cheeks none can mistake.

*FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND.*

(In Chicago.)

Something got the matter of me,  
Or how or when or which  
Is not the burden of my speech.  
(Grandmother called it a stitch)  
Such an awful pain in my side  
Drew me down, couldn't walk or ride.  
Called on my faithful physician,  
Without him I could not live;  
He sized me up, felt of my pulse,  
A prescription at once did give.  
The foregoing was the number,  
As strange as it may seem,  
Somethin' wrong with that many—  
The druggist's face was agleam.

O, that health were contagious  
Betimes instead of disease.  
But hold! I fear I am taking cold;  
Am already beginning to sneeze.

*PALLIDA MOSS.*

(Pale Death.)

"There on the green enamel plain  
Were shown me the great spirits,  
By whose sight I am exalted, in my high esteem.  
The place is all thick spread, with sepulcher,  
And none o'er them keep watch;  
So may thy lineage find at last repose  
When on futurity the portals close."

The plains far out in the golden west  
Are strewn with bones of man or beast  
Gone out to die where the sun goes down,  
Nor yet forgotten in native town.  
There bare and bleached by wind and sun  
They lie together, their course is run.  
Have had their feasts, their day is done.  
The skulls are white as driven snow,  
The teeth are set that none may know  
From whence they came or whither go;  
Yet there they lie and seem content.

Perchance on gold they all were bent;  
What matters it today, tomorrow,  
Or victims of old age or sorrow.  
The chase or red man's skillful arrow,  
(What matters it if bones are bare?)  
Though shuffled off this mortal coil  
They still are found on top of soil.  
No narrow grave, they have all space,  
And nary tombstone to misplace,  
Or chiseled scroll e'er to deface,  
Nor limit merely to one race—  
Alike embrace them one and all,  
However great, however small.  
It is not so in cemetery—  
I have not found it so—not very.  
Yet many's the man that's died out alone,  
Many's the smooth and bleaching bone,  
Nor smile, or frown, on a skull is shown—  
Many long since dead have never worried,  
'Bout how or where or whither buried,  
With nothing to show, or glad or sorry;  
Then why, O why should a person worry?

I thought to myself while taking note,  
I'd as soon be a supper for the wild coyote;  
The bear or badger or this or that,  
As thrown overboard to the finny cat.

*A LIVING LADDER.*

A wealthy old farmer named Hackney  
Had some very fine stock, known as the donkey.  
(This is a true story though ne'er before narrated)  
His boys had a ladder 'n which th' blood circu-  
lated,

Of tough and withy timber, flexible and limber,  
"Unknown to any tools," the boys used to say.  
In case of thirst or hunger, 'n anything that way,  
Would always make it known by a solitary bray:  
"Aw-he-aw-he-aw-h-e-awhe-aawhee-eahwate."

Nor was there another ladder of half so many  
rounds

Being stationed on a farm—it'd help t' plow th'  
grounds.

This ladder was an-animal—iron gra' mu-le.  
The boys 'd come a-riden oft'n on its back t'  
school,

'Nd thar 't loved t' stay 'n the range th' live-long  
day

As a source of great amusement for th' boys 'n  
girls t' play.

An unusual convenience t' have you'll shortly see  
In the way of two large bumps  
On one-e-hine k-n-e-e—  
One just above, one just below;  
And the g-i-r-l-s and bo-ys 'd mount just so  
The mule was gentle 'n off it went;  
And two could ride 'thout a-c-e-n-t  
So the whole school on pleasure bent  
De-clar-ed the bu-mp-s an ornament.

## ON TO TEA.

True it has grown a little late;  
But we shall soon *re-sip-ro-Kate*  
And not be too pre-sip-at-eight  
By over eating while we weight  
Our stomachs with "such as there is"  
Helping ourselves, but know our "biz,"  
Nor let them serve us e'en too hard  
By pressing the *pre-serves* with lard;  
As it has grown a little late  
Others have dreamed for what they ate  
At ten or twelve and even later,  
Not sparing servant and the weighter.

*CONTORTIONISTS.*

There were three terrible tumblers  
If terrible tumblers be,  
A man and his wife and daughter  
For they were tumblers three.  
The father would toss the girly  
High up in the air,  
And how gracefully she  
Would whirl and spin,  
Light on her feet time and again  
It was wonderful to see.  
Claimed she could board a moving train  
Or catch a bird on the wing,  
And to help take in the pennies  
Never forgot how to sing.

(She sings.)

A humble enterprise for me  
To spin and whirl like this for thee  
My work is one of charity  
To show you all how stiff you be  
You regard me rather rompish  
But the more you could accomplish  
If you were built that way;

For if shaped and formed  
As good as the best  
Each part is as nimble as the rest.  
O, I'm a little daisy,  
Too limber to be lazy,  
There are no flies on me.

(Turns to parents and sings:)  
Since tumbling is our stock in store  
Then we will tumble all the more.

(All tumble.)

Their tongues were not more limber  
Than their *joints* you could not see  
But surely if they had them  
They all unlocked with a key;  
It was always worth a quarter  
Their tumbling for to see  
And by economy and contortion  
They tumbled onto a fortune.

*THE SLANDERER*

“At Princes—let but satan raise his gun  
The more the feathers fly, the more’s the fun  
E’en the whole world—blockheads and men of  
letters—

Enjoy a canonade upon their betters.”

There are women and men, and men and women  
Like poisonous vipers, and-v-i-l-e, with venom:  
The devil’s own angels—as it were—with wings  
And they grovel along like slimey things;  
From house to house, from town to town,—  
To get in their work, they’re all around.  
They need no cause, they seek no gain  
But the satisfaction of their disdain:  
Of some innocent person, however pure,  
They talk with certainty, always sure  
As to the time their neighbor fell;  
Are always on hand, direct from hell;  
Keep place and time in a foul note-book  
Are readily known by-their-v-e-r-y-look:  
Crook their noses and crane their necks  
Swear to lies looking over their specs.  
In human form are these men and women—

Though much of their speech is most inhuman—  
So fiery their tongues—the-furious-tools  
Whoever escapes them-escapes-the-rule.  
Can carry both sides of the conversation  
Not lose their breath in the vile narration.  
To one man saved by the slanderous tongue  
A thousand are lost, and their work goes on.  
“Ye gods—deliver the world from such—  
Explode the slanderer with magic touch.”

### *THE SKEPTIC.*

Is one who ever disbelieves,  
Keeps the trumps all up his sleeves,  
Goes about in constant doubt,  
Thinks to put the truth to rout,  
Till finally he narrows down  
Features focused with a frown,  
Shrivels up, so far near-sighted  
Everything must needs be righted.  
No opinions but his own  
Builds about him walls of stone.  
Short in optimistic vision,  
His long suit is derision.  
Poor fellow! Let him have his say,  
The ice he cuts will melt some day.

*DASHING YOUNG MEN.*

These are the fellows, not all fun  
The mighty men who made the run  
Fetched the multitude to their feet,  
Bent them forward to see which beat  
Through the grand stand.

Ponderous engines of silver and gold  
Fearless firemen so brave and bold,  
Hardened against both heat and cold  
A fearless dash, less time than told  
Through the grand stand.

Twenty feet to the jump, or more  
Shook the pillars, as never before:  
Fiery steeds 'most burst their girth;  
Cyclone fashion, tore up the earth  
Through the grand stand.

Of such an affair, who ever heard  
So purely original; well officered,  
No circus run nor chariot race

Could compare with such a pace  
Through the grand stand.

Bouquets are in order, ye maidens fair;  
This Fire Department always "gets there."  
Whatever of modesty, and manly grace  
In your heart of hearts, would prize a place  
    Make a grand stand.

(Colorado Springs Carnival.)

### *CHARIVARI.*

Old Jimmie Todd and Leedy Maud—  
Young wifey Maudy Lee—were  
Recently married by Parson Grave.  
Boys came on, a horrible stave,  
And gave them a charivari.  
Bells and buckets, old pans and gun,  
The boys were doing it only for fun.  
Some cake, and a bride to see.  
When she came on them from the rear,  
Thinking to give a little scare,  
Possessing no sort of weapon—  
Simply waving her apron—  
It proved to be all she needed,  
For promptly the mob stampeded.

*ON JERRY'S REFORM.*

Never resolve more worthy  
Then Jerry Solemon's oath  
To never again taste whisky  
Has pledged his faith and troth.

Never was man more deserving  
When he, our mutual friend,  
Commands the respect of every one,  
And we, our sympathy, lend.

Please accept this little token  
As a guarantee of our love,  
That your pledge remains unbroken,  
And strength for your noble resolve.

*BESSIE MILLER.*

(A Brilliant Young Indiana Journalist.)

Garde, garde, all the luggers cry,  
Mind that lower curve there;  
Keep a steady nerve there;  
Down, down, between the lake and sky,  
Lugging on the Rio Grande.

Deeper the depths and dizzier the heights,  
And all the grandest scenery,  
It is when Bessie Miller writes  
That you will see what you will see.

The canyon walls are yawning overhead,  
Coming together, far up toward the sky;  
Straining the very telescope, 'tis said;  
They notice this, on casual passing by.

And now far down the rushing rivers blend,  
Scarce seen above the fearful rocky steep,  
While strains of smothered melody ascend,  
As of the rainbow's ghost you catch a peep.

Sudden the train is rounding some short curve;  
Nothing but empty space, for miles beneath;  
If it had been made, the slightest swerve  
Would have amounted to an awful death.

The canyons teemed with fragrant flowers,  
Vast mountain sides were decked out, too.  
'Bove timber-line, for several hours—  
What is it "magic pencil" may'st not do?

Journalist, poet, deft in prose and verse,  
Painter of pen-pictures of uncommon mien,  
Space forbids the half here to rehearse—  
The like of thou I ne'er before have seen.

It does one good to sit in the old arm-chair,  
And fairly feel the bracing mountain breeze,  
Breathless at scanning each pen-picture fair,  
Reading about what Bessie Miller sees.

*ON THE TRAIN.*

Seven coaches and on an excursion  
Going around the Loop.  
All sorts of people, old and young,  
All together, they raise a whoop  
And yell on the least excuse,  
And all changed cars pell-mell.

To a spectator it seems so funny  
How people will lose their heads,  
Forget all manners, and go a runny  
And substitute insteads—on the train.

## IMPRESSIONS.

Am well impressed with the fondness for flowers I find wherever I go;  
The greatest profusion, fragrant and bright,  
varieties I do not know.  
A splendid effect it has on me to have a bouquet,  
where I can see.

## BEHAVIOR.

All stared at a beautiful girl  
With dimpled chin and fluffy curl,  
Shapely features, dress so fine,  
Hips and shoulders in perfect line.

Looked like a flower in some bouquet,  
Behaved so well the folks did say:  
"That girl's been away from home before,  
Should be allowed to go some more."

## CROONING.

A bit of "crooing" on the train,  
Or spooning, as you may say,  
Attracts attention, also gains  
Notoriety  
For the lovers who make love on the train,  
Who from making love cannot refrain.

## VERY NAUGHTY.

A sweet little child so pretty and bright,  
Whose manners disgraced her mother;  
Apologized for "as not sleeping last night,"  
Was nervous, and that was the bother.  
Tho' ever so pretty and daintily dressed  
She needed a spanking, as many confessed.

Not perfect, even in mother's eyes,  
What she may do next, have no surprise.

## SEATS.

She had paid for one and taken two,  
He had paid for two, was holding three;  
They had paid for three—held more than four.  
In principle would have taken more.  
One case, a lady whose little child  
Stood bold on a seat as people filed  
Along the aisle, said lady scringe  
Rather assumed that none should infringe  
Or so much as touch the hem of her dress—  
Would like to have the earth, I guess;  
For old ladies stood and leaned so long,  
And old men, too, (who thought it wrong),  
Till the "hold ups" reached a certain station  
All were glad they had some destination.

## MORAL.

You may beat the railroad fifty per cent,  
Hold 'down seats—not pay the rent—  
But like as not the time will come  
You'll learn manners not taught at home.

*CHRISTMAS TIDINGS.*

Peace on earth, good will to men  
Is the song we join in singing.  
Let all be happy while we can,  
The Christmas bells are ringing;  
Hearts so light and glad and free  
Join in common sympathy.  
Joy to the world's the song we'll sing  
While the Christmas bells are ringing.  
The greatest blessing this day sends  
Is our true and trusted friend;  
And He who closer than a brother  
Comes today than any other,  
Faithfully His presence lends.  
Praise Him for the Christmastide.  
In His love we will abide.

*LITERATURE.*

Who hath traversed the field of literature  
But caught some inspiration there,  
What glorious grandeur, crystal pure!  
What flower garden half so fair?

The blessings of exalted thought,  
By reason reared and logic wrought,  
In chapter, page or paragraph,  
Is scarcely realized, by half.

Shelves all laden; fiction, fact,  
Portrayal of the beautiful,  
In daintiest diction, clever tact  
Oft times so vivid, more than real.

Hall Caine, Corelli, Davis, Kipling  
And others make the welkin ring;  
Respectively their message bring  
By wondrous power of caroling.

The pessimist who, in his prime  
Criticizes all the time,  
Says worthy work's on the decline,  
A purpose serves to draw the line.

Whose prophecy, or false or true,  
Our books and magazines will do;  
Nor creatures limited by fate  
For being written recent date.

### *THE PESSIMIST.*

The pessimist is one who can  
Close his heart up like a clam;  
Slam the door of his affections  
With the force of battering ram;  
Wound all others, till himself  
Lies neglected on the shelf.  
And, finally, festers, petrifies,  
Goes out by himself and dies.  
Then the weeds grow on his grave;  
Briers, burs, and thistles;  
There he nestles in sequestered spot  
Brave heart, before he dies, begins to rot.  
Not taking on life-giving forces  
The tree must fall and go to pieces.

*POETS' AND AUTHORS' CLUB.*

Thou Poets' and Authors' Club,  
By title greatly dignified,  
Thy members well do love thee  
For thy unvarnished side.  
No special ostentation,  
'Tis only just to be  
A part of thy existence—  
Perchance of history.  
For all of Colorado  
And of our better selves,  
Something is said of scenery,  
So much of it on the shelves.  
The aesthetic side's essential  
So surely as is commerce  
Now have settled on a place  
For only prose and verse,  
Where members are allowed to write  
Their sentiments in black and white.

*LIGHT READING.*

I love to linger a little while  
Now and again with levity;  
With literature of lighter vein  
About ten times in seventy;  
The happier sets my heart right,  
The literature, a little light,  
Contributes to a lighter mood;  
Light lighter, lightest's good.

*THE MILLS OF THE GODS.*

“The mills of the gods grind slow,  
But they grind exceeding fine.”  
We will suppose a case to know—  
First, form into a line,  
Then comes “the devil for us all”  
Without exception—great or small.  
The Protestant, so penitent,  
May go below, brimstone to scent,  
For sure the sinner's got to suffer  
Mills, in the mind of some old duffer.

## TIME TO PLANT.

*"All the trees are in the leaf,  
All the grain is in the sheaf;  
Fire and frost, heat and snow,  
The seasons come and the seasons go;  
Buds bloom green, and leaves fall sure,  
All in the round of the perfect year."*

I dreamed a dream a night ago  
And as to facts, thought it was so.  
The trees that seemed so bare and dead  
That night before I went to bed  
Were all leafed out ('twas in my head).  
Said Neighbor Jones to Johnny Stout:  
"The farmers all must have the gout,  
Or some of them would have been out  
Before the leaves, without a doubt."  
The leaves that tell us when 'tis time  
To plant the corn in every clime.  
"Yes," Stout replied, "it's even so;  
Go tell the rest that they may know  
Today I'll haul my wood, and chore,  
Tomorrow start a furrow sure."

There needs but little more be said;  
The farmers raise our daily bread;  
For times of planting and of sowing  
There are none others half so knowing.  
Flowers will bloom the birds will sing;  
There is a time for everything.  
Although there were no leaves growing,  
What one will dream, there is no knowing.

*CECELIA ON A BIRTHDAY.*

Less than one-third of the allotted three score  
years and ten hath passed away,  
Leaving sweet memories, many the sunny, hap-  
py day;  
True friends hath thou and buoyant health,  
commanding presence, nature's wealth;  
Joyous and beautiful, fair of form and feature,  
Gentle in temperament, tender to every creature;  
Abundant blessings, inherent love of truth,  
Well seasoned judgment—considering thy youth—  
Keen sense of honor, prize the good and true,  
Useful life and happiness, in greatest store for  
you.

## THE "FELLOW" ACROSS THE WAY.

*"In her brother's gown, fra-foot-to-crown  
She's as fair as a maid can be."*

Wammes and overalls of blue,  
Clear complexion of rosy hue,  
High top boots, old-fashion, bill cap,  
Nary a dress to trail or flap;  
Bright blue eyes and tresses golden,  
No braver heart in times of olden;  
Long yellow hair, well buttoned under,  
(Just as soon tell you to go to thunder);  
Pants in boots and cap with bill,  
Her brother's outfit well did fill.  
Quick of step and spry of motion,  
You may consider she had queer notion.  
Though of full age, past twenty-two,  
She had no use for dress or shoe  
Out in the snow—it would not do;  
Out in the cold with gleaming eye,  
Immense to see her make snow fly.  
Lived on a ranch near a large city,  
Few if any there are more witty.

They had stock to beat the dickens—  
Horses, cows and ducks and chickens.  
Far, far was she from a shallow pate,  
Said to be a college graduate.  
She had a lover, whose name was Bert—  
Was matter of fact, would never flirt.  
To this same lover she did engage,  
Though surely a character for the stage.  
He was a farmer, with a business eye,  
Whose only fault was rather s-h-y.  
He was the son of an humble peasant  
And took her in for a Christmas present.

She had a piano and well could play,  
Would ride on horseback, and go-this-way;  
Hadn't th' time, to use her side-saddle,  
Would raise the whistle and go a-straddle.  
In which respect was her own waiter,  
And would holler back: "I'll see you later."

#### BETTER YET.

That self-same fellow across the way  
Could drive a stallion and brown sulky,  
Hold so stiff the cambric line  
To well compare with looks so fine.  
A bright red bay, white foot and star,  
Too fat for wrinkles or ribs to show,

Her ribbons popped on the evening air  
Like the crack of a whip, all might know  
The "fellow" across the way was there.  
However, long was the braid of hair,  
When half way down the slender waist,  
Betokened the "fellow" had excellent taste.  
But better yet the gentleman's cap  
Disguised the sex; though the ribbons flap  
From the braid the breezes catch.  
Some say she's trying to make a match.

"I'll have my drive about three each day,  
No matter what the people say.  
Will set the very track afire,  
For stallions exercise réquière;  
Show folks there are no flies on me,  
How it is 'to be or not to be.'  
With all the modern kimbal jack,  
And in the latest style,  
'Bout forty rods a furlong,  
And eight furlongs a mile."

## THE MYSTIC CURVE.

*"Her eyes are blue,  
My heart is too;  
She's out of sight,  
My hopes are, quite."*

Strikes you all unaware  
In ways so light and airy;  
Her majesty, ye maiden fair,  
Dawns on you like a fairy.

River that beyond the brink  
Best of swimmers apt to sink.  
"Love is blind," no time to think  
Till tangled in the meshes,  
Reeds and flags where Cupid drags  
The net when maiden fishes.

Sails in upon such lovely eyes,  
No life preserver saves him.  
Too soon he comes to realize  
The Mystic Curve enslaves him.

Mystic Curve's a fine spun thread  
That never has been listed;  
And when it acts upon the head  
The heart gets sadly twisted.

*A VACUUM.*

In taking off a take-off  
The take-off of the takest;  
"Nature abhors a vacuum,"  
The thing the taker makest.  
If making of the také-off  
You take off in the making,  
Taking of the make-off  
You make off in the taking.  
The summing of the summer  
Is the summary of the sum,  
Unless the focus crosses  
Across the vacuum.

*AT THE SEA SHORE.*

Her graceful, shapely form would glide  
Through the water with the tide.  
Superbly smooth and agile of limb  
Shapely and coy, exceptionally trim.  
Not too large nor yet too small,  
Subject for artist and classics all.  
And the wondrous expression  
No language can express, nor how  
Pleasing the impression made  
In her simple bathing dress.  
Till me thought it a disfigurement  
Of so perfect shape and form  
That the usual dry-land dress  
Should disguise so queenly charm.

She could swim just like a fish,  
Float and dive mile after mile,  
Make the other ladies wish  
That they might adopt her style.

While the men would stand aghast,  
Hold their breath, the while she passed  
Not unusual the expression:  
Surely thou art unsurpassed.

*DAISY DELL.*

A dashing, darling daisy,  
To beauty reconciled.  
It drove me almost crazy  
Every time she smiled.

She had another charmer  
Whom she was gone upon.  
The really greatest beauties  
Hail from "Utopion."

*THE SWAMP ANGEL.*

In taking off an old "take off,"  
The chiefest of the fadest,  
I take my pencil in my hand  
To—land—of all the badest;  
For V-I-Z, the swamp angel,  
I say, "Come off," "So long, old fel'"  
Give us a rest after a spell.  
However well you know a swamp  
This side of heaven, this side of hell,  
Who ever saw swamp angel?

## ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

*"Who hath scales to weigh the love,  
That from heart to heart doth move?"*

Friendship is the strangest plant  
I ever saw a growing;  
Peeps up twixt the curbstones  
Sich ways as no knowin'.  
Frost bite cannot affect it,  
Lustres with the lapse of time,  
Language is inadequate,  
Can't be put to rhyme.

Friendship true is foremost,  
Makes a heaven on earth;  
No true friend is ever lost.  
Friendships have their birth  
From exchange of gleanings,  
Heart to heart and soul to soul,  
Is the sort of screenings,  
Several on the role.

*COQUETRY.*

*"I ncfer luffed a dear gazelle,  
To cheer me mid ids kindling vood  
Bud yen I'd come to knew me vell,  
Some vun pud poison in der food."*

The duck dives under the water  
Till the hunter has gone by.  
The fish floundering over the bank  
Only make the Nimrod more sly.

The maiden that sets her "trap"  
For the "sucker" on the wing,  
The former the hunter can stand—  
The latter's the meanest thing.  
May rope him in with her singing,  
Then give him the bounce "By jing."  
It's hard enough luck to go huntin'  
And come home with an empty bag;  
A fellow gits left by his best girl  
And feels worse than a "common wag."

*SAW INDIANS.*

"Ah me, how long me seemeth e'er the promised  
help arrived."

Away back in the fifties and in my younger days  
There were many Indians, who of as many ways  
Caused some to greatly fear for themselves and  
stock

Out on the frontier—I will tell you of a shock.  
When we were out of meat, would go and kill  
a bear.

And always leave a treat with our neighbor,  
over there

Some twenty miles away; could make it in a day;  
'Cept on comin' back th' Redskins would attack.  
In case of no evasion me gun was moral suasion.  
Sixteen was all that I could count.

'Twas then I thought I'd jump the bount,  
Or first in sight I thought of flight, but  
They saw my dog and fastly floated on a log  
Then I guaged the distance, and estimated,  
Fired three shots and the battle dated.  
My gun was true for afterwards I found  
It had punched the log and all were drowned.

There were badger holes all over the hill,  
The reds were drowned, tho' not until  
They had shot away the hill and the clay  
And only the holes were left to stay.

### *A GREAT SUCCESS.*

I knew a hunter of particular skill  
Who when going out would skulk about,  
Like a mouse-hawk would sharpen its bill  
Or cat its claws—or work its jaws  
That nothing may lack before the attack;  
Sight over his gun, not alone for fun,  
Before the game was found,  
So as to shoot on wing or run,  
Hit somethin' besides the ground.  
He was a' terribly quick on trigger,  
And however small or swift or bigger,  
Or hard it would git, he'd always hit.  
He was a rare exception,  
Most fortunate condition,  
And realized enough, he said  
To buy the ammunition.

*A REVERIE.*

When the day is hot and dreary  
And the temperature is high,  
When the heat makes one so weary  
And not a cloudlet in the sky,  
The old gray cat a nap will take  
Beneath the shadow of the flowers  
Scarcely more than half awake,  
While the sun pours down for hours.

When the weather's cold as blazes  
Hies himself upon the fence  
Where the melodram-e raises  
Seems to savor of suspense;  
Furs on end and soars his praises  
Falters then in what he says is  
What the other cats amazes  
Suddenly he takes off hence.  
Now a scrap ensues or sooner

Whether loser or the winner,  
Asleep, awake as ain't a sinner

He will be on time for breakfast  
And for supper and for dinner  
Just the same.

### *WHERE LIETH THE DIFFERENCE.*

Two hunters after a tramp so long  
Trudging home with different song,  
One sits here and one sits there,  
One hungry as wolf, the other as bear—  
Now these are different animals,  
Their difference some have seen,  
How hunters eat like cannibals  
The difference lies between,  
That both were hungry all concede  
So hungry they were hard to feed.  
'Seems hunters always get enough  
Or something of the kind—  
And often are allowed to stuff  
On what they didn't find.

*BRAGGADOCIO.*

Will tell you a time I wished for a gun  
Just to shoot ducks and have some fun,  
'Way up in Wyoming, on the Elkhorn road  
Out of Valentine; of hunters a load,  
Thousands of ducks on a single lake.  
We passed on the train a curve to make,  
The railroad officials were heavily armed;  
Firing commenced (the ducks not alarmed),  
Till the ammunition was finally exhausted.  
They bought some ducks, went home and boasted  
How they could "shoot," how many they saw,  
And the story they told had many a flaw.

*THE OWL.*

The night owl is winging  
His prey home is bringing;  
Frac hen roost, leafless bowers,  
Having taken his leaving  
Just before receiving  
A charge frae shotgun of ours.

*FLORENCE.*

Florence, thy future none can tell,  
With treasure inexhaustible,  
Each acre has an oil well  
For fifteen miles, and then a spell  
Just up the hill, the mineral,  
Just down fuel to fill the bill,  
Nine mills running, night and day,  
Thousands of tons capacity,  
Enormous output of finest coal  
Of promise great, and sure thy goal,  
Five engines busy cutting cars,  
Third in state, of commercial powers,  
More places to be reached by rail  
More inducements to capital  
Insure a bigger "bucket brigade,"  
A future such as seldom made.  
Build over three hundred houses a year,  
The place that's growing is one to prefer.  
The biggest little town on earth,  
A dollar for cot or single berth,  
Public spirited pushing men,  
"I'm glad to see you, come again."

Home-grown vegetables, chickens, fruit,  
'Fore it's too late, better "grab a root,"  
A boom not all in th' editor's eye,  
Demand will always exceed the supply,  
Florence, old girl, you're sailin' high.

*BE MERCIFUL.*

Here then my friend, is to final  
Let us try to be earnest a bit  
I greatly regard you every one,  
Am happy here to declare it;  
Would think all the more of you  
If you cease some things you do,  
And will heed this feeble plea—  
Life is sweet to the game as thee;  
Those inoffensive, helpless things  
The wounded and the suffering,  
The awful fright the hunters bring  
With gun and dog, to bush and bog  
Pure selfishness, occasioning,  
The useful, beautiful, adorning.  
Do thou consider well, before  
And do thou go and sin no more.

(To ye hunter.)

*PUEBLO.*

Pueblo, Pueblo continues to grow,  
Smokestacks and smelters, O;  
Hotels and tally-ho,  
Mildest winters, seldom snow,  
Blankets, though, the summer though.  
Gateway to the mountains o'er,  
Railroad center, dozen or more,  
Colorado Southern or  
D. & R. G. and Bessemer,  
Great Rock Island, Santa Fe,  
Others mighty apt to be.  
More than likely second best  
Business center in the West.  
Monthly pay roll half a million,  
Corporations, worth a billion.  
Where money circulates  
To the square inch, th' United States.  
Commercially an ebb and flow  
Everybody is on the go,  
Where the governors do grow,  
Other persons may also.  
Say it never rains but pours,

Get lost in some of the stores,  
Then you call upon the guide  
To show you how to get outside  
To see the wheels go round,  
And that's the way we found  
Things in Ebilo Pueblo.

*WHO SUCCEED.*

Marvel of mystery, majestic mountain range  
Historic peaks, towering above each other,  
Strata upon strata wonderful and strange,  
So men compete—brother excelleth brother.

Many and uncertain weary days and years  
Destined to stare misfortune in the face;  
Invincible, triumphant, vanquishing all fears;  
Persistent effort won for thee a place.

The surface rough, unsightly the surroundings  
To valley no defect viewing from the height;  
Behold the attending victories and boundings,  
Industry is genius—the magic wand of might.

*EXPERIENCE OF A GAME WARDEN.*

When once in the woods of Wisconsin  
A law the deer did protect,  
A man with his gun came along,  
Fired, and the shot took effect;  
The warden smelt the powder,  
And was working for an arrest,  
When on stepping into a shop,  
Said the butcher, "Venison's the best  
Fresh and smooth, there it lay,  
Our Pat he kilt it to-day."  
The arrest was shortly made,  
Instead of a deer, a calf was laid,  
Not being evidence enough to show  
Court was obliged to let Pat go,  
And the warden felt great surprise  
That he could not believe his own eyes;  
However, the "joke" was too rich to keep,  
For, said the hunter, "it fell in a heap,"  
And finally Pat was forced to confess  
The deer fell over a log, and it cost him his gun  
and his dog.

*HALLUCINATION.*

Two tramps were coming along one day  
And reaching a house of splendid array  
Soon planned to have a square meal  
(And see what there was to steal);  
When on opening wide the door  
That had just "been closed" before,  
Finding only a pale-faced lady  
By the name of Margery Grady,  
They did not wait a minute, but  
Opened a chest to see what was in it.  
Then the lady said, "Very well you can  
While I step to the door and call  
My man." She did, and called, "O, John."  
Now John there was none, she was alone  
Though the rascals did not know it  
And thought they had to go it,  
So away they went without a cent.  
The chest was empty, "nothing in it,"  
Nary a John, though had there been it  
Only fancy the good it did her  
And she a lone, lone widow.

*PROPHETIC PIE.*

Passing along up Platte canal,  
I spied a place where parties dwell  
Particular friends, and great for pie,  
None knew it better than did I.  
They had a lovely daughter,  
She said, "Take another quarter;  
This pie is crisp and toothsome,  
Come often—we get so lonesome."

Though being of bashful meekness,  
I have a certain weakness  
For "pie" and the lovely cooks,  
Deserving a place in books;  
So I faithfully oft returned  
To perform the aforesaid errand,  
The best days of my life—  
And the "cook" became—lovely wife.

TO ————— WITH COMPLIMENTS.

Ice cream and cake quite fit for a king  
Were served in the heart of the mountains,  
By a *lady indeed*—unawares a Queen,  
Unaffected as forest or fountains.

A generous bowl, most suitably seasoned  
Made from ice, perpetual and native,  
Pure as cold crystal springs  
From the peaks pointing skyward  
With snow caps like stars relative.

The cake was thick cut, three slices in one,  
Sandwiched in with sauce from wild berries,  
Much in contrast the cream, and her cheeks  
The latter were ruddy as cherries.

Song birds and squirrels made merry outside,  
While within—conversation more pleasing  
Than all the rest of the treat I confess,  
Little Norman, explained as to freezing.

Altogether should say, delightful occasion  
Many thanks, for remembrance so kind,  
Again would respond on slightest persuasion,  
I pray you to bear me in mind.

### *PRESENCE OF MIND.*

A tramp at a certain house one day  
Demanded—a dinner, and “right away;”  
The lady turned as she said, “I will,”  
(The tramp began to rummange a till.)  
She returned with a gun in hand  
And over the fence the tramp did land;  
The stock was gone, the gun not loaded,  
No respects were left, like as he owed it,  
But prompt on seeing the barrels and sight  
So very great was the fellow’s fright  
That when in the flight he did not stop  
At the gate, nor wait to kick it,  
Just passed out over the fence, a picket—  
And whence, she did not know, as only  
A piece of coat tail was left, to show  
That he had’ been there and “decided” to go.

*SLAVES TO FORM.*

The good housewife is known  
To choose her patches  
Adequate to the place she's mending  
And is tasty as to choice;  
Many there are who pick on Monday  
As the "only" day to wash  
No matter who offending.  
There are whole families  
Who breakfast "*just at five*"  
Each morning, winter, summer,  
As if their lives depended on it.  
Such slaves to form are  
Always on the murmur  
You may depend upon it.  
Merely machines, simply automatic  
So perfect slaves to form  
Set in their ways, concise, emphatic,  
Yet meaning no one harm.  
"If this or that were only so, or so,  
I would be fully satisfied."  
Wishing for something quite impossible  
Till they have died.

Plenty of persons who if as perfect as precise  
Would rank well with the angels.

Waste so much time at something, *over nice*  
Miss most of the best things.

### ENVIRONMENT.

The theory and practice  
Of worms of the dust"  
Must be a mistake  
And musty—it must  
Be about time to take  
On a pace quite unknown  
To the ass and the burro  
And "pass up" the plea  
That the "old rut" and furrow  
So faithfully followed  
By the plodders  
Who plodded away  
As not just the thing  
For the light of to-day.

*A MERCHANT'S EXPERIENCE.*

There are people who are honest  
Who would not steal a pin,  
Who terrorize the merchant  
The moment they step in;  
Better known as tasters  
And samples of goods  
Than bona fide customers,  
Hail from the backwoods.  
For such a lack of breeding  
Is found not to the front,  
Maybe this is severe, but  
It's practical and blunt.

The grapes and pears and apples,  
The peaches and the plums,  
Get badly twisted out of shape  
By mashing of the thumbs;  
The apricots and raisins,  
The codfish and cucumbers  
Do not escape the racket  
Of tasters and of thumbers,  
Nor is this all the story

That is left me here to tell,  
For after so much wringing,  
The goods are hard to sell.  
Decay gets in its work, and  
The shrinkage is so great  
The merchant can't keep even  
By working hard and late.  
By modern competition, goods  
Must be on display, and  
Hence the kegs and boxes  
Are handled every day.  
And besides the advertising,  
There is the rent to pay.  
The goods are hard to keep,  
Must be the best and cheap,  
So with the average dealer  
One can always make a sweep.  
No matter who the merchant,  
What the city, where the store,  
You can get a splendid bargain  
On every single floor.  
At last there is a mortgage  
On the merchant's little home,  
Which with the store is closed,  
He is left the streets to roam;  
The merchant who was thrifty,  
More than forty out of fifty.  
Then arraign the horrid taster,

And then lander in the jail,  
Leave not the cause or reason  
For another such a tale.  
You and you are to take the hint,  
This is written for the print;  
Don't be thought of inferior race,  
For feeling fruit at the market place.

*AT THE PIE COUNTER.*

I will trade you my tie  
For a small piece of pie,  
My purse is quite empty  
As also am I.  
Am thoroughly awake to the  
Days that you bake  
And nobody else can  
Just such pies make.  
I do love the cooks  
Nobody can beat them,  
They love to make pies  
And I love to help eat them.

*FRESH PORK.*

To have a clear conscience is one thing  
To be brave hearted another,  
But I long and pine for a stomach  
That will not be a constant bother.

Am free to confess there's no other distress  
That can ever nearly compare  
With a stomach so flat, as a sat upon hat  
Oh say, have you ever been there?

Without invitation, they come and repeater  
Without hesitation you're sure to greet her,  
From custard to hard boiled eggs at night,  
You'll flounder and throw, it's a holy fright.

My habits are simple, my wants very few,  
And I long for a stomach so strong  
That nothing but cabbage and bacon will do  
To keep it from going wrong.

*HIS NAME WAS BILL.*

I sat by a man at supper long,  
Who "swigged" six cups of coffee strong;  
For said he, "Must hev it that way  
Rigler three times a day,  
Strong es the cook kin make it,  
When I kin git more I take it;  
The doctor says must hev it,  
To keep me goin' you see—  
So I always will, for it fills  
The bill, as full as 'Bill' can be."

He threw them down something like  
A pitcher would throw a ball  
And caught like a champion catcher  
Seems as if you could hear them fall  
Like pails of swill in a painted tank,  
And however patient the waiter  
He forgot her even to thank.

That coffee went down like magic  
Or as if by strong machinery,

I take it his dreams were tragic,  
The effect would spoil the scenery,  
When told that's six thousand cups a year,  
Down went another with an "I don't ker."

*LITTLE DOG PRINCE.*

Doggy, my faithful little pet,  
The likes of you I never met,  
So true and tried so many years  
Between me and all harm or fears.  
Eyes so brown and head upraised  
Intelligence, greatly to be praised,  
Good qualities so numerous  
Thy very shadow I would bless;  
A dingy yellow, very true,  
Yet my heart is set on you.

## MENU.

The cunning of some cooks  
Is to me a great conundrum,  
We little know what we eat,  
(The greatest surprise is meat.)  
They make it in a pie, flour it  
For to fry, never saw the beat.

Traveled sixty miles that day,  
“Tea” was displayed, very nice way,  
The *fowl* that was served  
So brown and so neat, I thought  
Indeed a very great treat, as of it  
Abundantly proceeded to eat.

After supper, was sitting back  
Seemingly nothing did lack  
When “lady cook,” a homely creature,  
Said how did you enjoy your *tea*,  
With fowl as the special feature?  
“O, very well, what was it, pray tell?”  
Yes, said she, a favorite junk,  
“Strictly speaking, it was *skunk*.”

Had traveled about a good deal,  
Probably eaten a *crow* at a meal,  
For supper and thought it all right  
And not knowing, did not growl,  
Tho', strictly speaking, it was "*foul*."

### *SURE FIRE.*

When in the dim vista of a sequestered past  
Things get remembered too trivial to last  
Dates that in history yet remain unseen,  
Whose mind was gorged even to extreme.

Aye, loaded to the hilt with figures ever ready  
With the slightest tilt, ever constant steady,  
Make you tired by telling, and note each date  
Could a head so full be called a shallow pate.

Turn on your heel at last; no immediate reaction  
She talks and talks and talks so fast  
With the utmost satisfaction  
Continues giving dates and measurements  
Of but the slightest circumstance.

*THE MOSQUITO.*

If everything else were clear  
As mosquitos' vision o' nights,  
Just as you raise to strike  
Takes ever so suddenly flight

With his gimlet to bore  
In the length of a space  
The whole human race'd  
Be sunk in miserable gore.

He is a scientific cuss, and when  
He starts to fall upon you thus—  
Wait till he ketches on, and then  
Just land him one without no fuss.

“Sing a song” if you think it best,  
“All right” says I, “I’ll do the rest.”  
Have made a “rake off” time’n agin,  
’Wake all night’n order ter win  
The victory, in a single battle  
Else me bones’d been left t’ rattle.

*MY OLD HAT.*

I bought me a hat  
With lining green  
And cork for trimmings,  
As could be seen.  
The latter would often  
Bob up and down  
As out in the sun  
I didn't have to frown,  
And I thought to myself  
As I came and went  
That green for lining  
Was no accident.  
At least for a man  
Of labor and toil,  
It had a mild effect  
Like sardines in oil,  
Was strictly conducive  
To meditation  
As it had all around  
The best ventilation.

The hottest weather  
Is about "dog days,"  
Who "talks through his hat"  
Don't care what he says.

### *ANTI-LISTLESSNESS.*

Always keep your wits about you  
And your chin from drooping down,  
Lips quite well compressed, together  
Then if any one's around  
They'll not know your indecision,  
Even in the darkest weather.

Do not frown upon an enemy,  
Nor smile too hard on a brother,  
But trifles these may seem  
Better not to dream through the day  
That your bird wit, indecision,  
The extent of your derision  
Do not give you dead away.

## TO THE MARKET.

*"A perfect woman nobly plan'd  
To warn, to comfort and command;  
And yet a spirit still and bright  
With something of angelic light."*

Now you just come here  
My husband dear  
And leave me no more  
Till you go to the store;  
I want and must have  
Nothing less nor more  
Some crackers and meal,  
Some fish and some eel,  
Some sugar and coffee,  
Nutmeg and some tea,  
Some thread and some shoes  
Now be careful and see  
The rogues do not cheat,  
For such rascals they be.  
Oh, yes bring some stockings  
For our sweet baby Rosa,  
I fear you don't listen,

Do you hear what I say?  
Then there is no flour  
And some kind of meats,  
O do get some muslin  
To make us some sheets;  
Must have a new bedstead  
For that other room,  
And, too, by the way,  
Do get me a broom;  
If you forget that  
I will scalp you, indeed,  
And don't you come home  
Without something to read.  
I would like some cinnamon,  
Tapioca and cocoa—but  
You'll not take time  
To get all that we need.

*THE NEW WOMAN IN POLITICS.*

Woman, new in politics?

“Nothing new under the sun,”  
Bird wings and chicken feathers,

Bobbing up now and again.

Some, of course, vote single,

While others vote by two,  
Like everything else it’s easy

“If” you know just how to do.

Now there’s a bright red ribbon,

Now here’s a light red hair,

“Now just prepare your ballot,

And place it right in there.”

First give your name and very age,

’Tis shown, that she is single,

There’s a slight degree of rage,

Her blood begins to tingle,

Indeed begins to boil and rile,

As she turns on her heel,

With a “Wait awhile,”

And, too, somewhat at her own expense,

Judge wrote down: "For want of sense."  
Thought to myself while taking note,  
A pity you thus have lost your vote.  
She muttered, "My name is so and so,"  
But my age "they got no right to know."

### *LINES.*

If you borrow or lend  
If you buy, sell or spend,  
You'll lose some cool friend  
Every year by the end.

One you thought to be true  
May go back on you,  
And great luck you're in  
If he don't get your tin.

Not infrequent the case  
If you give him the space  
He will show enough cheek  
To eclipse his whole face.

*THE LATEST STYLE.*

Saw a lady on the street car,  
With bangs that were done  
Only passing fair,  
She would paste them down  
On her temples with spittal,  
Chew so hard at her gum,  
You could most hear it rattle,  
But for the din of the car.  
Bless me I thought she would tire  
As now and again she would  
Strike at her gum, which if flint,  
Would have set her afire.  
One would think she would  
Surely have broken a tooth,  
By such indiscretion  
Of (no longer a youth)  
Thus being the victim  
Of exceeding bad taste,  
Exerted her muscles  
Clear down to her waist.  
Said it didn't taste bad  
Since first she began it,

And who didn't chew gum,  
Of late isn't in it.  
The lady who sat on  
The right at her elbow,  
Said, "What do you think  
Of that for a show?"  
Once well out of hearing  
I answered, declaring,  
A first class canard I trow.

*THE DANCE.*

*“She shops all day, dances all night  
And gads around as she wishes;  
Her mother complains  
She’s never found strength  
To tackle a panful of dishes.”*

I fear you dance to an excess  
In every country, more or less.

If lots of fun is a good thing  
If lots more is better;  
And some “frail’fairy” finds it so  
Suppose we’ll have to let her.

Spring up and down, awhirl and spin,  
On passing and reflecting  
It would seem so I do not know  
If bad for her complecting.

If exercise is a good thing  
And motion maketh muscle,  
To be as good at working  
You’ll surely have to hustle.

*APRIL FOOL.*

A cultured lady cooking cakes  
Catcheth my eye and me fancy takes,  
Causeth content of a certain kind,  
Ceaseth hunger and consoleth the mind;  
Though looks are so often deceiving  
And seeing not always believing,  
Though she with her bright eyes was  
To me "the star of the goodly company."  
'Twas on the first morning of April,  
I saw on her face a very dim smile  
Which contained a hidden meaning,  
Yet I didn't know what was convening.  
The batter contained a whole euchre deck  
Sufficiently stirred to secrete every speck.  
The cakes were ever so brown and crisp;  
Heard from her lips a sort of a lisp,  
"Sit up and have something to eat,  
I've in store for you such a treat;  
Seems to me you are awfully slow,  
Will like my cooking so well I know;  
Now here are the syrup and butter,  
Next griddle's beginning to sputter."

Take care what you turn for trumps  
There are spots on the moon  
There are measles and mumps,  
And tricks in all trades they say,  
There are games you never can play.  
The joker's mostly the highest card out.  
In this the joke "is the higher" no doubt,  
And when "the cook" is the winning card  
The guest should be strictly on his guard,  
According to Marquis of Queensbury Rules  
There is no end to the April Fools.

### *THANKSGIVING.*

When the year is gray with age,  
Writ on light and shaded page,  
When her flowers are withering,  
Then, we thank her for the spring.

Spring shall come and spring shall go  
Linked below the unfriendly snow,  
Now gratitude I sign by thee  
Hope's pledge for blessings yet to be.

*A STRANGE, TRUE STORY.*

There was a certain lawyer  
Ah me, alas!  
Who so largely composed  
Of brass  
Had enough of said metal  
To make a big kettle;  
Ten gallons about, if well  
Hammered out.

In the settling up of  
A large estate  
The minors all had so long  
To wait  
They starved for bread  
And butter,  
(Barrister's cheek was  
Intensely utter).  
Nor shall I try to flatter,  
There is no doubt  
That the excreted matter  
Of that fellow's hide, if  
Thoroughly fried

And rendered as hard  
As the "case" (never tried)  
It would make ten gallons  
Of lard.

"Piecemeal they win this acre first  
Then that; glean on and on  
And gather up the whole estate."

*PSEU-DO.*

Precarious Señor punctillious  
Though punctual and pretty  
And parted his hair in the middle  
Was dressy and neat, pernicious as witty;  
Would lie, and was vile with deceit.  
Sported a suite at the best hotel,  
Nothing too good for such a swell,  
Held aloof from common people,  
Thought himself "up" like a steeple.  
From the far East, boasted a fortune;  
"Was backed by a Lombard or so;"  
So talkative even to strangers  
That all might generally know.  
Was buying some mines,  
A railroad and some land,  
Had men running after him,  
Almost to beat the band;  
It was they who were beaten  
Out of money and time.  
Even beat the hotel, begory,  
This the end of my story.

*TO A LAZY FELLOW.*

*Too heavy for light work.  
Too light for heavy work.*

Wish I were officer of the day  
When daddy sings,  
Wish I were master of ceremonies  
And all such things.

Wish I were a hunter  
Of particular skill;  
Or a first-class fisherman  
With net so full.

Wish I were a boarder at  
Some first-class hotel,  
But say, I wouldn't be it  
If I had to pay the bill.

*THE PHONOGRAPH.*

I have a concert phonograph,  
It cost a hundred dollars,  
First announcement makes you laugh  
The phunny fellow follows.

A prima Irish donna then  
With banjo and with mandolin,  
In clamorous accents will begin  
And sing, with spicy phrases in.

The brass band, the piano, and  
Profundo bassos music stand  
The soubrette, with nerve and sand  
Alfalfa widower sure to land.

The songerphone is an event  
A gifted graph invention—  
Plays and sings and other things  
Too numerous to mention.

Claimed by some who have no ear  
'Tis always out of tune—

They tumble to its repertoire  
Including Bonnie Doon.

All through, the *phoncert conograph*  
The thing is worth the money,  
Reminds you so of Edison  
And pleases Ed—my sonny.

### MY CREED.

More fresh air and sunshine  
More water and more soap ;  
More love of Nature,  
More confidence, more hope ;  
More reciprocal good will,  
More practical ideal,  
More effort for the goal,  
More earnest heart and soul ;  
More thankfulness for birth,  
More heaven here on earth !

*GOD—IN EFFECT.*

See God in the expression of noble people,  
See him in the planets and the stars,  
See him in the joyousness of the little children,  
See him in the song birds and the flowers.

See him in the faces of the rocks and waters,  
See him in the clouds and in the sun,  
See him in the rainbow, and in remotest quarters,  
See him in all growth that is going on.

See him in dumb animals and fowls and fishes  
See him in the mountain and the plain,  
See him in ambition prompting but good wishes,  
See him in the dew drop and the rain.

See him in all peoples, whatever creed or color,  
See him unfettered in man's mind,  
See him ever prompting, man to man is brother,  
See him, aye, most wonderfully kind.

See him in progression and activity,  
See him in whatever is well,  
See him in all being, and what is yet to be,  
See him in more than words can tell.

### *PROCESS.*

As bulb and bud precede  
The beauteous blossom,  
As flowers and fruit form only  
From the fertile soil,  
So are the crude and mediocre  
In mankind removed by method;  
So refinement and maturity  
Respond to honest toil;  
Till precious books are one prolonged delight,  
Till art and music serve the highest need;  
Till the birthday of each year  
And of thy being,  
Proves life is life,  
And love the only creed.

*"I LIKE THAT."*

My life is one outpourin',  
Constant round of joy;  
Happier an' more'n  
When I was a boy;  
Was bubblin' over then  
Between my sober moods,  
But now I have outgrown  
The "old-time" solitudes.

No use fer any feller  
That's al'us lookin' sour;  
H'aint no attraction fer me,  
Nor partikel of power,  
Jest like ter see a spider  
Prancin' on a thread,  
Instead of estimatin'  
How it'll be when 'e is dead.

Like ter see the playful sperit  
Last along up through the teens,

An' the prankiness of children  
Fer the footlights of the scenes,  
For the old and middle-aged.  
That's what I like, I say!  
So if God comes in fer quarters,  
He might kinder like ter stay!

#### *A GIFT FLOWER.*

Plucked up from the garden of flowers,  
In the garden of hearts it is set;  
Deprived of the sunlight and showers,  
With memory's dews it is wet.

I would that the flower had not faded,  
As all that is earthly departs;  
But still its true fragrance is cherished  
And that is the friendship of hearts.

*RECONCILED.*

Why bewail such things  
As wind and weather?  
It seldom snows or blows  
So bad but one may be about.  
Why art thou sensitive  
As a feather,  
Frowning with each breath  
Or in or out.  
Why ever questioning, in part  
Or wholly  
As being for the best;  
Emulate the spirit of the  
Meek and lowly,  
Whatever is, is best.  
Since when hast thou seen fit  
To fix a standard  
For the whole world  
And all mankind beside?  
Far better be subservient  
To the mission  
"Do thou with me abide."

*SELF RELIANCE.*

Have faith in self, and hear  
Thy conscience say: Well done;  
Fear not so much the storms  
That unto thee may never come.

Live more unto the "Now,"  
And less to the "To Be."  
Saying is good, doing is better;  
Being, best of all the three.

Less superstition, face about, be free;  
Unlearn most race beliefs,  
However hard the lesson unto thee;  
Wake up, avoid the shoals and reefs.

Away with old-time prejudice, and learn  
Creeds are but stepping stones to truth.  
To know the good (the God) within thyself  
Is to possess the spring of an eternal youth.

*SERVICE.*

Pray tell me what thy office is  
More than a life of usefulness;  
I love to sing the highest praise  
Of one who is industrious.

Much labor is but that of love,  
Yet still are serving, longs to serve;  
Noble art thou,—I say divine!  
God given, faithful to thy time.

Blessed be he who bent with age,  
Yet still art serving, long to serve;  
Thrice blessed he thus to engage  
From duty never known to swerve.

I bow before the holy shrine;  
I emulate, devoutly prize,—  
There is reward! Great may be thine,  
Triumphant thou to realize.

Could I bestow this in exchange  
For kindly courtesies received,

Unlimited would be thy range,  
Thy burdens promptly to relieve.

Hast builded better than ye knew,  
By serving others faithful, true,  
Dost best conserve thy highest needs  
Shalt reap the harvest of good deeds.

Thy hands evince the wear and tear,  
Thy face outlines the marks of care;  
May sweetest rest vouchsafe to be  
God's richest blessings unto thee.

*INTEGRITY.*

Integrity, thou blessed word!  
Thrice blessed principle!  
In vivid form as lofty peak,  
Abiding and eternal.

Thy superstructure all of good,  
Integrity, thou art of God,  
As all-wise better understood,  
To emulate, adore and laud.

How could I speak thy matchless worth,  
Send thine exalted splendor forth,  
Make more substantial monument  
Than hold in sacred memory  
Sweet, loyal souls who, heaven-sent,  
Lived ever faithful unto thee,  
Integrity! Integrity!

*BE TRUE.*

Out of the sacred silence  
A sweet voice comes to me:  
"Be thankful, ever thankful!  
Whatever is, is well—is well,  
Whatever is, is well!  
Whatever you do, be true, aye true!  
Whatever you do, be true!"

Out of the night the day—  
Out of the day, the night—  
Some sweet voice doth say:  
"Whatever is, is right, is right,  
Whatever is, is right!  
Whatever you do, be true, aye true,  
Whatever you do, be true."

Silence ever—harmony—blending,  
Everywhere, through all, extending,  
Sweet voice, celestial symphony,  
That ever seems—ever does say:

Whatever is, is well with you,  
If you will only be true, aye true,  
Whatever you do, be true!

*INVENTION.*

Many men are scientific,  
Much theyv'e done and said  
So exceedingly prolific  
Can't get it through my head.  
Some are meddling with the lightning  
"That's too tight," this needs tightening  
If this were shorter, that were longer,  
It would run better, smoother, stronger.  
Now here they give a demonstration,  
Now there they solve some puzzle;  
Till, notwithstanding all the same  
The wheels and engines go a sizzle.  
Tell you what, it seems to me  
That steam and electricity  
Would be a dandy sight to see  
Reversed, on the same doubletree.

*DISTANCE.*

I heard a sweet song, heard it glide  
Echoing through the trembling air,  
Then farther in the wood it died,  
And went from me I know not where.

No passing bird of wing so swift,  
No bird so strong in flight or gift  
Enchanted, but in weariness  
Feels Nature's distance, dreariness.

The very winds that sweep the sea,  
Like brooms wear out, and wearily  
The dashing streamlet's wildest play  
Scatters in mist not far away.

Illusion and hope's silvery wing  
Shall cleave the sky and evening bring  
From far away undying fame,  
The wide' wide world owes thee a name.

Then hope took wing, or seemed to fly,  
While fancy dreamed in ecstasy,

Dreamed and awoke, the night wind called,  
And said, "Thy life is narrow walled."

I blow by land, I blow by sea,  
Brief message, drifting memory,  
Is thus to thee yon wind and wave—  
To thee and me a new made grave.

### *HOW TO WAIT.*

Have you ever learned the lesson  
How to wait?  
Forever, if need be, and a day  
The most important lesson  
Of a life-time;  
The highest of all philosophy.

It is said all things come to  
Him who waits.  
It is amply worth the trying  
You will see.  
The process of growth from acorn  
To the oak;  
Is likewise the law of growth  
In thee.

*OBSERVATIONS.*

I have seen the great and glorious  
Rocky mountain range  
Rise up in her majesty  
And beckons to the plains,  
Arrayed in royal purple  
Blendings of pink and white,  
To greet the golden sunrise  
God of beauty and of might.

I have seen the mighty river  
In silence wend its way,  
But the ripple of a zephyr  
With the midnight stars to play,  
On its peaceful placid bosom,  
Decked with diamonds from the dome  
Traced its bearings to the ocean  
The great realm of surge and foam.

I have lingered in the forest  
Where the tree tops courtly sway,  
Heard their music in the minor

Discord set to harmony;  
When the surges seemed to revel,  
Lash the leaves in sportive glee,  
Echoing in joyous encore,  
To mountain, river, plain and sea.

*THANKFUL.*

I am thankful for a showing;  
Thankful for a chance of growing;  
For thankfulness, and knowing  
How to grow;  
Truly thankful for the chances,  
For the progress and advances;  
More than thankful for the chance  
To have a show!

Glad and thankful for the glimmer;  
For no longer cause to murmur,  
Through the darkness for a shimmer  
Of the light;  
Till at last no longer worry;  
Stay my haste and cease to hurry;  
Thankful finally to know that  
“Whatever is is right!

*ETERNAL FITNESS.*

There are persons, many of them  
Who are the embodiment of the good,  
The pure, the true, rightly to view.  
Selfishness doth not dominate  
The earth to-day, rather its opposite.  
'Tis but to know and see aright—  
Calmly reflect.  
The tiniest bird is known  
To sing and sing, because it has to,  
One does not dare to harm  
An inoffensive thing. It would not do.  
Justice and right and brotherhood  
Have gained the day to so great degree  
Their opposites create sensation.  
Who is it, not practically impelled  
By an inborn sense of right?  
The eternal fitness of things  
Doth plainly show on every hand;  
The inexhaustible supply,  
The all sufficiency;  
That an omnipresent sovereign good (or God)  
Is in command, is evident to me.  
(The mortal world redeems the material.)

*NOT STRANGERS.*

You are not alien—strange to me;  
We are of one great family.  
If we could only understand  
The life of Love in God and man,  
The love of Love in you and me,—  
One love, one common sympathy  
Would reign through all in unity.  
Broad as the sky, deep as the sea,  
Bright as the stars, warm as the sun,  
Love is but one! Love is but one!

Your woes and sufferings are mine,  
Throughout the land and all of time,  
Love of to-day and yesterday,  
Love of one great fraternity,  
Love of a million years agone,  
Love of the true, millennial dawn,  
By universal law of love  
Each race and zone, supremely one  
Dear heart hope on, no heart alone  
Love is but one, Love is but one.

*WHY ASK I MORE?*

On topmost twig of a leafy tree  
Sat a plain brown thrush, and cheerily  
He chirped away, as if a... that be  
Were happy, content and free.

He had dined that day on living things,  
On worms and insects with buzzing wings  
Unlike his own, but the life of these  
Went out in the songs degrees.

Why sings the thrush in the world below  
Thus happy and free, I may never know—  
True, he feeds on worms and living things,  
But this I may know—he sings.

I may not know how the bird to be  
Glorifies all by its melody,  
Like offerings then I may not bring,  
Yet I know that bird will sing.

*GENIUS.*

We admire genius under any guise,  
And in these modern times  
Would be hard to surprise;  
With electricity or steam  
Such advancement, like a dream,  
More of genius every day  
This wonderful machinery.  
Artificial legs and eyes,  
Bones and skin, borrowed thighs,  
Science, genius, skill and tact,  
Almost gone beyond the fact.  
One can scarcely realize  
What it is before one's eyes,  
How it can be made to go  
Else some one is there to show.  
But the fellow's always there  
And the wheels go on the tear,  
Labor saving these inventions  
Their creators, no pretensions.

*TO THE UNSEEN.*

Hark! angelic whispers  
From ethereal blue  
Leaving scepter'd impress  
On receptive hearts and true.  
Linking God and good  
The human and Divine,  
Finite with the Infinite,  
All along the line.  
Life and light eternal,  
Dating farthest back  
Heaven is a condition,  
Nothing then may lack.  
The unseen, the real,  
Aye, the only true,  
Hark, angelic whispers  
From ethereal blue.  
Life and light eternal,  
Even on earth for thee,  
“Weary, heavy laden,  
Come thou unto me.”

*PHENOMENA.*

Think of the artist, who painted the flowers,  
Think of the mountains, the valleys, the showers,  
Think how they come when'er they are bidden,  
Think of the treasure that therein is hidden.

Think of the vast seas, the lakes and the ocean,  
The great heart of love, the lasting devotion;  
Who produceth the actors is back of the stage;  
Whose own sovereign will controlleth the age.

Think how great a world, of day and of night  
The birds and flowers, the joy and the light,  
The music, the fragrance, perfection of pleasure  
Inexhaustible store of excellent treasure.

Whence cometh love, and whence our devotion  
The symmetrical blending, the beauty of motion;  
The orbs and the planets, the great solar system?  
Think where and from whence this wonderful  
wisdom.

*WHO LIVE IN A STAR.*

Then I entreat you, be of good courage  
    Justice and right have gained the day  
Truth and love are wondrous forces  
    No longer doubt their perfect sway.

Light is enthroned and God is good  
    "Right is might," is the spoken word  
The Divine in thee, the Royal road

*you live in a star  
you establish the world*

*ADDIO.*

The good, the beautiful and true,  
Good will, and greetings unto you,  
Abundantly for each new day  
Hail thou upon the upward way.  
Good will more faith good cheer,  
A firmer hope, less doubt and fear  
Unfaltering, trusting to the end  
This the greeting I would send.

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